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OLD TOWN

Brutarian

VOL.1 NO.4

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Our Father Alas poor Ceasar, who art in these thy Substantial Astronomical 1000 Copic Heavens, Holiness to thy Name or Title, & reverence to thy Shadow. Thy Kingship come upon Earth first & then in Heaven. Give us day by day our Real Taxed Substantial Money bought Bread; deliver from the Holy Ghost whatever cannot be Taxed; for all is debts & Taxes between Caesar & us & one another; lead us not to read the Bible, but let our Bible be Virgil & Shakespeare; & deliver us from Poverty in Jesus, that Evil One. For thine is the Kingship, [or] Allegoric Godship, & the Power, or War, & the Glory, or Law, Ages after Ages in thy descendants; for God is oniy an Allegory of Kings & nothing Else.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer Modernized
William Blake 1788

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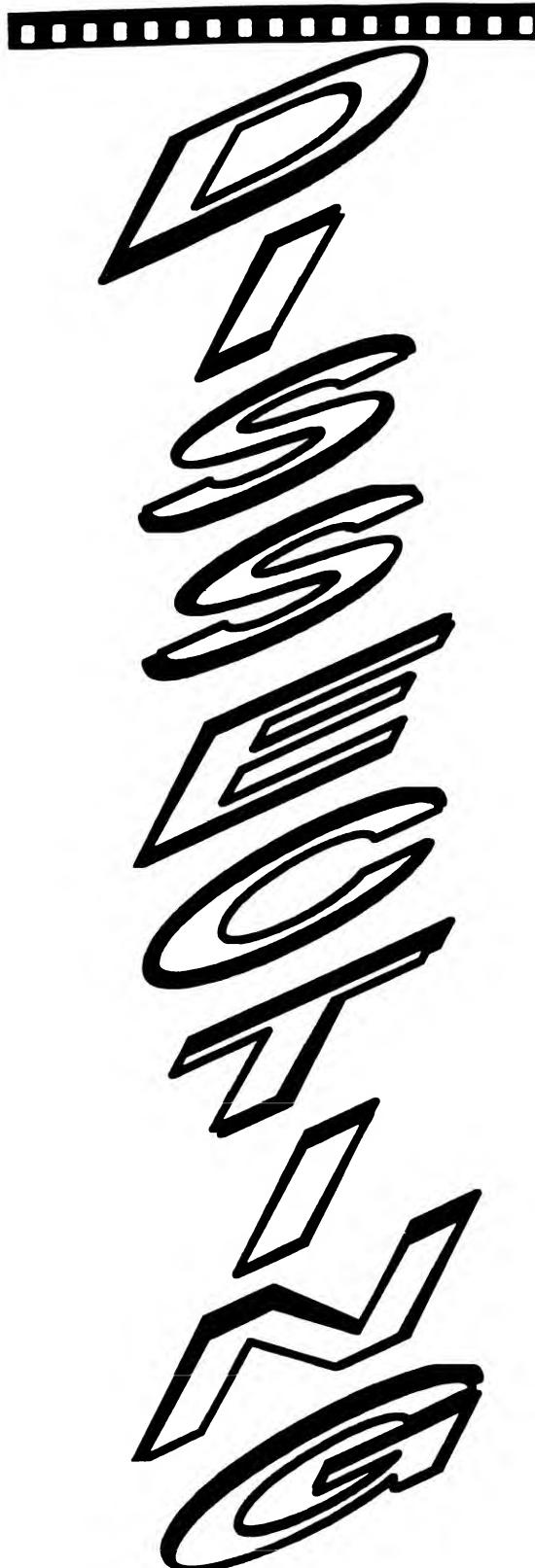
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Back Issues of Brutarian - \$6 each, which is incredibly cheap for works of such unsurpassed genius.

To the uninitiated, the Brains on Film (B.O.F.) movie review show might appear to be the mind jarring result of some diabolical Soviet gene-splicing experiment combining *Siskel & Ebert* with *Wayne's World* to create Seth "The Fly" Brundle's worst nightmare, but there is so much more here than meets the eye. This adventurous and irreverent enterprise, which has infiltrated the otherwise myopic universe of local cable access programming in Lexington, KY, is unlike anything that has come before it. As Max Renn discovered about *Videodrome*, B.O.F. is dangerous because it has a philosophy.

The co-conspirators who comprise the "Braintrust" behind B.O.F. are two kindred spirits named George Maranville (accent on the second syllable) and Larry Treadway, known by their adoring public as Brother George and Professor Tread. In their youth, they had each acquired a penchant for everything that is sordid, putrid, vile and tasteless in the world of cinema, and they were destined to meet and eventually became associates in a campaign to refine their hobby into an avocation. The obvious and most accessible medium available to accomplish this task was public access cable. Although their relationship with the local cable company is often strained at best, for once, public demand has won out over good taste, and B.O.F. has secured a regular slot in the Lexington area cable access schedule. Amid other local programming covering the usual bland topics, George and Larry take pride in the fact that B.O.F. sticks out like a sore thumb. One thing is certain; nobody remains neutral in their opinions regarding the show. Outrage is a term which keeps popping up in reference to B.O.F.

Maranville and Treadway research and develop a different format for each installment of B.O.F. In the past, with the assistance of their loyal crew, they have produced theme shows such as *Racism Nite*, *Sexism Nite*, *Homophobia Nite*, *White Trash Nite*, *New York Underground Nite* and *Herschell Gordon Lewis Nite*, each incorporating appropriate commentary, wardrobe, set design and accompanying film clips. Although the mood and atmosphere of each show remains extremely casual, the production values are continually upscaled, with each successive show being shot at locations such as butcher shops, abandoned drive-in theaters and public buildings. In some cases, trespassing is required.

Brains on Film is very careful to make the distinction between GOOD/BAD and BAD/BAD. The new wave of insipid mainstream stars such as Patrick Swayze, Jennifer Grey, Andrew McCarthy and Molly Ringwald often incur the merciless wrath of Brother George and Professor Tread, although the balance of their rancor is reserved for the rich Hollywood producers who employ these non-talents and the viewing public who patronize their shoddy efforts. Otherwise fine actors who have made dreadful career moves, such as Al Pacino's grave mistake with *Cruis-*



by Vic Stanley

ing, are also on the receiving end of their scrutiny and ridicule. But rather than wallow in the misery generated from watching these terrible movies, George and Larry prefer to revel in the films' unintentional humor. They actually teach their viewers a new way to enjoy them by laughing AT them rather than WITH them. In the B.O.F. lexicon, the definition of a GOOD/BAD film is one which makes optimum use of its resources, no matter how limited. The types of films described above are considered BAD/BAD because of their misguided excess and their fawning, pretentious acting, not because of their production values. Cheap does not necessarily equal bad, nor does a multi-million dollar budget always guarantee high quality. In fact, most films are grossly over-budgeted.

Although Maranville and Treadway have sometimes been accused of advocating an anti-social mindset, those making these indictments are simply missing the point. B.O.F. does not condone racism, sexism, xenophobia, etc, but merely points out the ludicrous manner in which the film industry deals with these subjects. In actuality they are ridiculing those loopy Hollywood moguls who stray too far afield to the ultra left or the ultra right under a banner of strident self-righteousness. In their eyes, Charlton Heston is just as far off base as is Ed Asner. If the medium is still the

BG - Brother George / George Maranville

PT - Professor Tread / Larry Treadway

VS - Vic Stanley

Are you products of troubled childhoods? If so, does this explain your current interests and activities? If not, what does explain it?

BG: Larry and I are both from dysfunctional families, which as much as I would like to deny it, must have something to do with our cynicism, sense of humor and obsessions. I lived with an alcoholic father until I was out of high school. I don't want to sound morose, though. We're goofing off most of the time. I had a pretty good childhood.

PT: Troubled? Well, my dad's been married about seven times and my mom four times. I was raised by my grandparents who were the best. My grandfather flew back from WW II with Errol Flynn and they got drunk together. My grandparents also loved pro wrestling. I spent every Thursday night at Country World, a little shit hole in Georgetown, Kentucky, watching live wrestling. It was fucking great!



message, B.O.F.'s main intent is to remind us all not to take ourselves too seriously. According to the B.O.F. manifesto, the new age of politically correct hypersensitivity is nothing more than thinly veiled fascism, and they continue to aggravate and confound those factions of the media and various special interest groups who would attempt to stifle their efforts. Even though they reserve the right to insult everybody equally, B.O.F. style humor is often self-deprecating and the bulk of the tirades dished out by Brother George and Professor Tread are aimed at each other. When witnessing them nattily attired in the hopelessly exaggerated "Superfly Disco Godfather" outfits they donned for *Racism Nite*, one might wonder "Don't these guys have any self respect at all?" Sure they do, but not TOO much.

In an effort to get to the heart of their philosophies on the subjects of film, TV, politics, sex, religion and pro wrestling, I felt it best to contact them directly. What follows is the result of a series of interviews I recently conducted with Maranville and Treadway.

What were your first childhood experiences with the types of films that you address on B.O.F.?

BG: At age eleven, I made my father take me to a film which concludes with the little girl shooting her mother's boyfriend for hitting her mother. As we left the theater, we had to cast "Guilty or Innocent" votes which might have been the name of the film. I loved it because it made me feel kinda creepy and my father thought it was disgusting. Nowadays, all kids have to do to get that same creepy feeling is turn on *A Current Affair* or *Hard Copy*. No telling how weird we'd be if we had that luxury as kids.

PT: My mom and one of my various step-dads took me to the drive-in to see *Blazing Saddles*, but the first feature was a cheap, bad copy exploitation film called *Dirty O'Neill*. I was hanging out at the playground in front of the screen trying to get that light headed feeling on the swings when BAM! Up on the screen a huge pair of breasts jump out of a cake and there they were - a set of 60 foot mams. I was hooked.

Have you ever been convicted (indictments don't count) of a capitol crime such as mass murder, bestiality or espionage? Please be candid.

BG: No major criminal records for either of us, although Tread's penchant for violence gets him in trouble on occasion. I'm a peacifist or peacenik. Which is it?

PT: I once got caught sneaking into the drive-in to see *The Fog*, but when they caught me they thanked me for coming.

VS: Hmm . . . that's strange. I could swear that I heard about something having to do with bestiality.



Brother George, Charter Brutarian

Please describe any scars, tattoos, missing limbs or any other identifying marks.

BG: No scars except for that hole that looks like a giant abscessed blackhead that you get from smallpox.

PT: Well, my wife an I drove sixty miles to get tattoos. Mine is an Aztec eye on my arm. My wife got a black cat on her ankle. I cried, she didn't. But seriously, I'm thinking of getting Vic Tayback tattooed on my butt and I don't even know why.

BG: The day Tread's wife showed me her tattoo, she was screaming "I'm going to have this fucking thing for the rest of my life!", but I think she likes it now.

Please describe in graphic detail any debilitating sexual dysfunction you are currently experiencing. (EX: Sly Stallone's recent penile pump implant).

PT: My prostate seems to be growing on the outside of my body but I haven't gotten it checked because my wife seems to like it.

BG: I've been married for about three months now and the old pencil remains pretty sharp, but to achieve (quite an accomplishment) orgasm, *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* must be on TV in the background. I almost splotched last Thanksgiving while watching *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*. No, it was *The Reluctant Astronaut*. Anyway, it didn't happen. My wife says I have an oral fixation.

Do things taste salty to you?

PT: More metallic than salty. That's the first sign of a brain tumor, you know.

BG: I'm paranoid about clogging my arteries so it's Mrs. Dash all the way.

Do you have any "legitimate" background in filmmaking? If so, has this experience been counterproductive?

PT: I've done some extra work. You know, sleeping under trees for \$80 a week. Great food, though. I was cowboy actor Richard Farnsworth's lighting stand-in on a film. He's as short as I am.

BG: No experience whatsoever. Strictly trial by fire.

How did you two first become acquainted?

BG: Some guy suggested that I ask Larry to co-host. I guess he already knew how dreadful my earlier solo shows had been. So did I. We had ideas, resources and people willing to work for beer and barbecue. They all hate me because I'm the tyrannical, anal retentive producer.

PT: George came begging for a job where I work!

How many other people have you met who share your interests? Do they appear to be able to function normally in society? Are you able to function normally?

PT: My wife and that's about it! Function normally? What's that mean? That I don't masturbate in public, I eat all my veggies, worship God? I guess I function OK. I buy a lot of toys, though.

BG: More than I ever would have imagined. It's not a huge group, but it's more diverse than I would have expected. Some people are film literate, while some are frat boys and rednecks who like the juvenile humor. As far as normal social function, sometimes it's hard to get out of the mindset of the show after taping. We often antagonize each other on camera, but the most hostile shows elicit the best reaction. It's much like the film *Network*.



How are you dealt with by people who don't share your interests?

PT: Ignored! I just tell them it gets me laid all the time and then they want their own show. That's the only thing people fucking understand!

BG: I seldom mention it for fear of freaking people out or proselytising, although I'm certainly not ashamed of it. After 29 years of hidden passions, it's nice to get it all out, and B.O.F. is the perfect way to accomplish this. Tread and I enjoy shoving people's hypocrisy back in their faces when they tell us "What our show means."

How was B.O.F. first conceived and what were your motivations for doing so?

BG: My show *Brother George on Film* sucked! I was lucky to find Tread. He came up with the "Brain" part, I think. It's difficult to reflect upon the inertia that carried us. Our motivation was just to piss people off, and while we did that to a point, it backfired and more people than we could ever imagine liked it.

PT: George called me up and asked me to come over and shoot something. The next thing I knew, I had become some asshole called Prof. Tread and a show was born. Our motivation came from a need to bitch. Pretty high minded, huh?

How did you first approach the cable company with your idea?

BG: The cable people here are complete idiots and I understand that's a nationwide phenomenon. We just did the first show and presented it. They tried to convince us they were doing us a favor by not airing it, so we sorta threatened 'em and they wised up. Since then, they know not to fuck with us. We can do anything we want now without a bit of whining, and they love to whine.

What type of personal expenses were incurred in getting started?

BG: A few lights, microphones, a mixer and some beer. A couple hundred bucks or so. I think we were all unconsciously stockpiling, stealing and charging various equipment and props for the show but we never really discussed it. Now beer and recording tape are the only expenses. Oh yeah, barbecue for Skidz.

PT: Beer, tape and a fluff girl for Skidz!

Detail some of the difficulties you have encountered in getting the show on the air.

PT: I don't like to talk about it much, cause the cable people are so fucked up! I just say that they hate us and we hate them, but we try to exhibit mutual respect. If you believe that, I've got some *Mr. Belvedere* tapes I'll sell you.

BG: It seems that after every show I say "Fuck this. It's too much work!" I tell Tread I'm quitting and two days later

I'm climbing the walls to do another show, calling him every hour with ideas. It's addictive.

What types of positive and negative reactions have you generated from your viewers and what are the demographics?

BG: We've gotten the obligatory "You guys have no socially redeeming value" from supposed open-minded liberals. They hate us the way people hate wrestling. They know it's just TV, but they still think that anybody who would do that on TV must be pretty fuckin' weird! As far as positive reaction, it's given us some credibility we don't deserve. I sure as hell don't know as much about obscure films as most zine editors, but I guess we make up for it with enthusiasm.

PT: If we get our asses off the couch and put a show on the air we get lots of calls and letters, usually supportive. Other assholes think they're funnier than us and they wanna do their own show. Of course, the next day they sober up and their little fantasy is forgotten. We get a few hypersensitive viewers who wanna string us up but we usually just make fun of them on the air. No big deal. Just mention some unintelligent individual on TV and they love you.

How do you choose, research and develop each show?

BG: It's getting tougher all the time. Mainly just whatever we happen to be watching or reading about recently, and then finding an appropriate location. We're not like a lot of other shows who just sit in the living room filming.

It's difficult to reflect upon the inertia that carried us. Our motivation was just to piss people off, and while we did that to a point, it backfired and more people than we could ever imagine liked it.

Brother George

PT: It's usually a mutual thing. We pool ideas, then we research at the library and the thinking man's resource - the zine scene. Keep publishing all you folks. Somebody's buying it.

What has been your best show to date?

PT: Almost everybody digs the *Poor White Trash II* show. The skit on *H.G. Lewis Night* was one of our finest moments. *Acid 60*'s had some of our best production values - three cameras, tighter editing . . . but I like some of the earlier

shows like *Films We Hate* and *Texas Chainsaw Night*. They're just meaner, more obnoxious!

BG: Well, I thought it was *Buttload O' Backwoods Buf-foonly* where we reviewed *Poor White Trash Part II*, but *Film Threat Magazine* sure didn't think so. *Poor White Trash Part II* is the greatest film ever made, by the way. *Acid 60's Nite* was good too, with the Acid Cam and all the crew dressed in stupid-ass hippie outfits. Incidentally, I hate hippies.



Professor Tread, wannabe Brutarian

Does excessive drinking help or hinder a performance?

PT: It usually helps, but in my case, George's drinking hinders mine and the crew's. I spend a week researching for a show and the crew forgets to even turn on the cameras, so we have to shoot the fucking thing twice. That happened during the H.G. Lewis show. All I could do was laugh at George. He was killed.

BG: Yeah, I've been pretty plowed on a few shows. Like Tread said, the *H.G. Lewis Grue-A-Thon* was an abortion. Tread usually takes care of the principle shooting, lighting, camera placement, set design, etc, so I'm free to be obnoxious. Once the show's shot however, I have to edit the fucking thing for fifteen hours, so I feel I deserve a brew or seven during the shoot. I'm horrible, but Tread's so uptight during the actual shoot, he doesn't drink. I get uptight during post-production.

What were the greatest lessons you have learned through your mistakes?

BG: I've learned that even if I drink to oblivion, Tread will carry the show. He's getting used to that.

PT: I've learned not to let George have twenty-one beers in a single Sunday afternoon. Also, sometimes the more prepped we are, the worse the show is.

Any humorous, dangerous or potentially tragic anecdotes regarding the show?

BG: Other than Tread's violent temper, nothing I can remember. It gets pretty heated sometimes. We'll have a disagreement before the show and then take cheap shots at one another while we're shooting. Sometimes people can't tell if we're really pissed off and I guess we can't either. Tread gets into a fist fight about once a week, so I have to watch what I say. He and his wife are like Bonnie and Clyde.

PT: Some of our best stuff has come out when George and I are at each other's throats just due to stupid stuff, but we haven't killed anyone . . . yet.

Have you met any famous people through the show? If so, please say something slanderous about them.

BG: None yet, so we must be doing something right. Oh yeah, we did get a soudbite/plug from Jello Biafra when he was in town. Slander, huh? Well . . . he did this three hour diatribe on the dangers of redneck violence and then he proceeds to burn an American flag and incite the very redneck violence he opposes. So he's obviously a dumbfuck, but everybody knows that, I guess.

PT: Yeah, Jello Biafra. We got drunk with him. I think he's really a Republican. My wife and I also met Roni Stoneman, the old toothless housewife from *Hee Haw*. She was standing outside of Shoney's selling gospel audio tapes. The weird thing is that she was a little drunk. We were going to ask her to do a promo for the show but it was too pathetic.

Who do you admire in the film industry?

PT: Jonathan Demme, if we're talking mainstream. The guy's kicked ass and still had hits. Most of your so-called big name creative types have it made because of their ability to hire great cinematographers and dp's, so I really don't have all that much respect for them.

BG: I admire movies rather than the filmmakers, but that's a cop out, I guess. Most of who I like don't make films anymore, like H.G. Lewis or William Castle. It's tough to find anything good from America these days other than Robert Altman or some documentary filmmakers. Hollywood is a wasteland.

Who do you despise in the film industry?

BG: I hate just about all mainstream films but I have to review them for a local arts publication and appear to be objective. No one comes to mind, except that Cameron guy really pissed me off spending a hundred million fucking dollars on *Terminator II*. Even if it would have been a great film, that is an obscene amount of money for one film. The only thing stupider is that someone gave it to him.

PT: Travolta, Swayze, Stallone, Fox . . . do I have to go on?

What are some of the scariest or weirdest messages you have received on the B.O.F. hotline? Have you ever actually met any of these people?

BG: I'm a collector nerd. I record all the calls. Most are drunks who tell us that we suck. A couple of people threatened to kill us. One guy saw our *Christ! It's Christmas Show* and fucking flipped. He said he was an Arab and he just went off. I guess the sight of two grown men in elve's outfits screaming "We're coming after you food-stamping Mohammads (sic) and sand hoagies!" was too much. I don't know how Tread and I even got on that diatribe. It ended up being perfect timing because the show aired a week before the war started, but we had taped it a month previously. The Nostradamus-like powers of Brains On Film at work. Anyway, satire's a dead art form. People today think satire is a cutesy Dan Quayle joke. Fuck that.

PT: The guy crackin' his Johnson on the machine . . . you could hear him shoot the goo . . . pretty frightening, huh? I run into some of the callers out at clubs but I don't talk to them much. If they like our show, they're pretty scary.

Do you sometimes fear for your life?

BG: Sometimes the show makes me paranoid because I think someone's going to come up and beat the shit out of me or just cuss me out, so yeah, sometimes.

PT: I fear for George's life.

Please describe the typical female B.O.F. groupie.

PT: You know - corporate types. Lawyers, stockbrokers, girls with big fax machines. No really - college girls who need a good . . . oops! My wife talked with one on the phone once and scared the poor girl to death. She can be pretty funny.

BG: Some sound frighteningly young on the answering machine but those we meet at shows and concerts, etc. tend to have unnatural hair color, various body piercings, that oh-so-cool pasty-faced look and tend to talk about films like *Blacula* a lot. They're always promiscuous; at least that's what Skidz and M.C. tell us. The rest of us are married.

What has been the reaction of your friends, family and daytime co-workers?

PT: Our friends sometimes want to help, but they don't have a clue about what it takes to do a show, so I never ask them. My family ignores it to some extent, although they probably talk about it behind my back. Co-workers sometimes want to talk about it, but I try to play it down.

BG: My friends sometime hint "You'll never get a better job if you keep this up." Shit like that. My parents are bible-bangers and surely don't watch it, but they are very supportive. Our daytime co-workers (Tread and I work together) just think we're office clowns. We put up the well

mannered man disguise but occasionally our perverse sense of humor will show, especially Tread. A surprising number of people actually like the show. They'll corner us in a crowded elevator and say "You guys were pretty disgusting on TV last night" and we just hide our faces. We're both paranoids.

Tell us about your able crew, particularly the enigmatic Skidz Rhubarb.

BG: It's a very eclectic bunch. Skidz Rhubarb is the ultimate cynic. In our comic "Attack of the Skidz Rhubarb," he renders people helpless by rolling his eyes and saying "yeah right!" M.C. Hormone is the token frat boy on the crew. Every once in a while, to make him feel at home, we make him pick up Vienna Sausages with his buttcheeks. The Bob suffers from every disease known to man: asbestos poisoning, shigellosis (the shits), cancer, brain tumors . . . everything but hypochondria. After they read this there won't be a crew, I guess. They already think I'm an asshole. The show wouldn't happen without them, though.

PT: Aah, the crew! M.C. Hormone loves food, girls and horrendous music, but he is the editing genius. MTV-O-Matic is in charge of the music video stuff on the show, The Bob, give him a line and he'll take it. Who would have thought that this mild mannered guy would want to hang around with George and me? I think he has a torrid past and is creative as hell. Finally there's Skidz Rhubarb. He's been on every B.O.F. that's mattered, is a part time cameraman, part time rock star (guitarist for MR. YUK), and full time purveyor of Tori Welles videos. His past is sketchy. A Turkish director? The funniest thing about Skidz is that his mom used to take him to the beauty salon because his hair is so pretty.

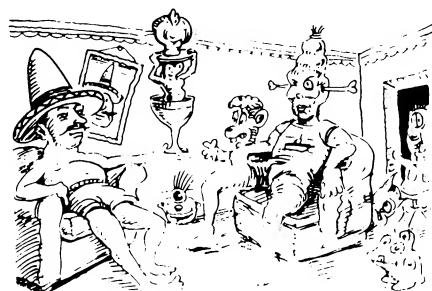
If society is better because of us, so be it. But I'll do my best to correct that problem on the next show.

Professor Tread

Just who the hell is in charge, anyway?

PT: George is the anal retentive one. I am the psychotic so I don't fucking know or care.

BG: I'm the asshole, so I'm in charge. I wish I wasn't though.



What are your future aspirations for B.O.F. as well as any related projects?

BG: I used to consider B.O.F. the end all, but I keep having these pipedreams that it's actually the means to something else. Not Hollywood movie making or any of that shit, but at least doing some low budget films, which we're working on. I used to think our kind of humor wasn't THAT off kilter, but when I see some of the pap that passes for funny on TV today, I feel like throwing up. Meanwhile, we'll keep doing the show and our weird film ideas, even if there's not an audience for them. If somebody wanted to buy the show and replace us with two fucking dickhead made-up talking heads, I'd tell them to fuck off . . . unless they introduce me to a few choice porn stars.

PT: We're trying to wrap up the drive-in documentary that we worked on all summer. We're also trying to hawk some funds to produce a real B.O.F. pilot for Comedy Central. We've got them nibblin' but we need about five thousand to sell out and go to real TV. If we do, you better watch out.

What advice do you have for others who want to do their own TV shows?

PT: None

BG: We always tell people how easy this shit is. Once you come up with people you can depend on, it's a piece of cake. If you have to deal with a cable company, don't back down. Remember the First Amendment and Fair Use Doctrine Rule. Cable people have the ethics of pornographers anyway. Maybe someday, somebody might do something with us so we don't have to be producers, directors, writers, editors, set designers, marketers, promoters, etc. It's fucking tiring but I can't stop.

Do you feel that you have contributed to the betterment of society?

BG: I'm afraid I haven't.

PT: If society is better because of us, so be it. But I'll do my best to correct that problem on the next show.

Have you been a detriment to society?

PT: That sounds more like it Vic!

BG: I'd shoot the Pope to be considered a detriment in some way. I wish I could outrage people like Russ Meyer or William Gaines and EC Comics do, and I guess bands like Slayer appear to do it too. That would be good company.

Has the fact that you are also rabid wrestling fans somehow lowered your mainstream credibility even lower than the show has?

PT: Wrestling aaah . . . the white trash olympics. Like I said earlier, I was reared on the stuff. You tape traders can find me on the ICW stuff wandering around in the audience and boozing the good guys. We're afraid to talk about wrestling too much on the show. We might lose our high brow audience, you know.

BG: Most of my wrestling friends are long distance ones. It's almost useless now since the WWF ruined it. Some wrestling fans think that the WWF at least gave them a chance to share their hobby with more fans, but I feel the exact opposite. If the subject of wrestling is brought up, people automatically think "WWF." I hate that shit. To some people it's all the same, but it's not to me.

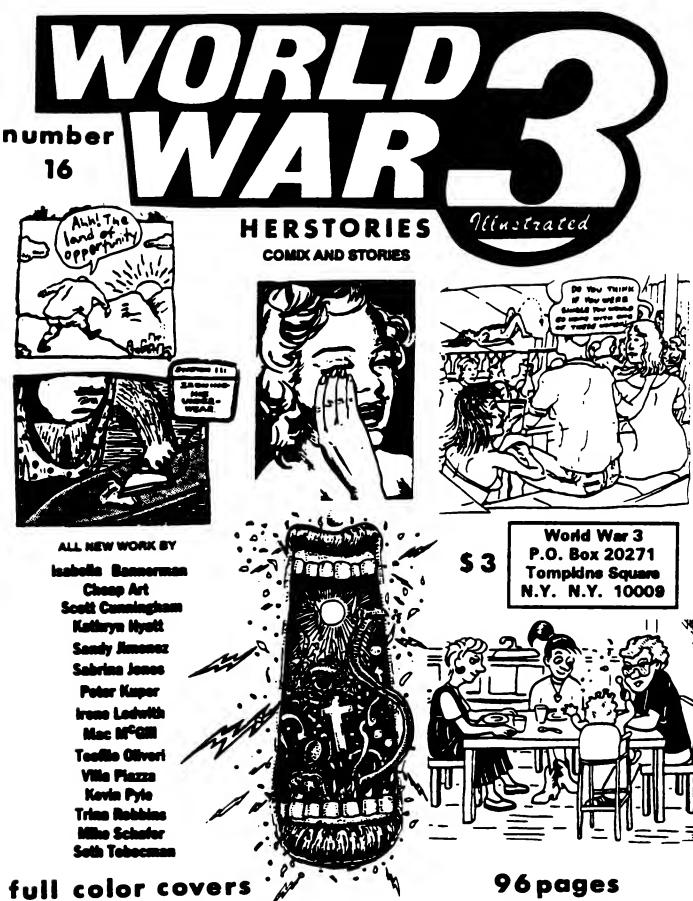
Will Ric Flair singlehandedly save the WWF?

BG: Vince McMahon is too busy butt plugging Dino Bravo to even consider that. Even with Flair's jump to the WWF, it's getting increasingly difficult to get into today's wrestling. I'm spending all my money trying to track down the Memphis stuff I grew up with. That and Japanese tapes.

PT: I don't know if Flair can do it, but I once spit a huge green snot gob into what's left of Hulk Hogan's hair. You can thank me the next time you run into me.

VS: I'll thank you and Brother George right now for taking the time to do this interview.

For more information on Brains On Film, write them at PO Box 1337 Lexington, KY 40590-1337 or call the B.O.F. Hotline (606)277-5973 and leave a threatening message.





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#020 -
A SMELL OF HONEY,
A SWALLOW OF
BRINE

1965 BW

The story of a girl who turned men on, turned them off, and turned them inside out. Starring Stacey Walker as Sharon Winters, "the cunning young cannibal who devoured everything that fell into her soft, warm trap!"

THE STORY OF A FEMALE
EVERY MAN HAS KNOWN

a SMELL OF HONEY
a SWALLOW OF BRINE
AN ADULT EXPERIENCE

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Don't miss this 120-minute collection of Dave Friedman's best - his movie trailers! Transferred directly from Dave's own negatives, it's a titillating tabloid tallying the tantalizing, tacky taboo trailers that snared capacity audiences for two decades! As Dave's mentor Kroger Babb used to say, "sell the sizzle, not the steak!" HEAD MISTRESS BRAND OF SHAME SPACE THING THAR SHE BLOWS MASTERPIECE THE RAMRODDER ADULT VERSION OF JEKYLL & HYDE THE SUCKERS EROTIC ADVENTURES OF ZORRO LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIGFRED DAUGHTER OF FANNY HILL THE BRICK DOLLHOUSE LOVE CAMP SEVEN TRADER HORNEE STARLET THE LUSTFUL TURK SWEET SICKNESS THE DEFILERS

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#021 - THE
DEFILERS

1964 BW
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#023, 024, 025 - TWISTED SEX TRAILERS
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#027 - WOMEN OF THE WORLD

1964 BW

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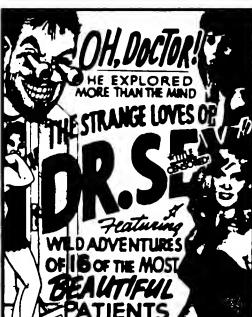


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THE COUNTER AT LAST!

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BIZARRO
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#028 -
DR. SEX
1964 COLOR
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More!!!
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overwhelming
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DONNIE APOLLO
WAS WORSHIPPED BY SLatternLY DEBUTANTES
AND IDOLIZED BY PRATING PARVENUS
**UNTIL A HIDEOUS
TWIST OF FATE**
LEFT HIM FOREVER A
**PRISONER IN HIS
OWN BODY,**
A SWOLLEN SACK OF
PUTRESCENT OFFAL
KNOWN AS

THE DOZING FAT BOY

-IN 'ADIPOSE REX'

"SHE WAS PURE PUSSY,
A #50 HEMIHEAD, WITH
AF.FM, AVAGINYL ROOF AND
A SUNSPOT, A REAL BITCH MAGNET,
AND I KNEW JUST THE JOINT
WHERE I COULD PUTHER TO GOOD USE."



THE LIGHTS WERE JUST COMING ON ALONG XYNOX
BLVD. AS I EASED HER INTO THE LOT OUTSIDE THE
CLUB CHANCE, IT LOOKED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD
CROWD FOR A THURSDAY - LADIES NIGHT - NOT
THAT I'D EVER RUN ACROSS A "LADY" IN THIS GIG-
MILL. STILL, THE PROSPECT OF SOME STRANGE,
A COUPLE O' STIFF ONES SOUNDED SWELL AFTER
A HARD DAY IN COURT DEFENDING THE BEST
INTENTIONS OF THE CANARD CORPORATION, MAKERS
OF "UDDERBLISS" BOVINE LACTATION ENHANCER.

THAT'S RIGHT, I'M A CORPORATE ATTORNEY - A HIRED GUN FOR THE MEGA TRUSTS, FOILING
SPURIOUS CLASS ACTION CLAIMS BROUGHT BY SO-CALLED "VICTIMS" OF SOME OF AMERICA'S
GREATEST CONSUMER INNOVATIONS: "EVERHARD" EPOXY PENILE IMPLANTS, "MICROWHITE"
ASBESTOS-BLEND CIGARETTES, "ANNE O'BOLLOCK'S" MUSCLE-BUILDING SPORTS BEVERAGES,
TO NAME A FEW OF MY MORE PRESTIGIOUS CLIENTS. THIRSTY WORK. THAT NIGHT, LIKE
MOST, I NEEDED SOME SOLID RELAXATION WITH A CAPITAL BOOZE & BROADS, BROTHER,
AND HOW! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN WHAT WAS WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE GLASS DOORS...

AS USUAL, ALL HEADS TURNED
AS I MADE MY ENTRANCE.
AFTER ALL, I WAS...

EVERY
MOVE A
PICTURE,
BABY.

DONNIE APOLLO!!!

THE FRAILS WERE ALL OVER ME - LIKE
LIKE WORMS ON A HOT CHEESE LOG!!!

WHERE YA
BEEN DONNIE
HONEY?

AROUND
BABY, AROUND

OH GAWD
DONNIE!!
WHAT A SOW!
SHE'S NOT
FOR YOU!

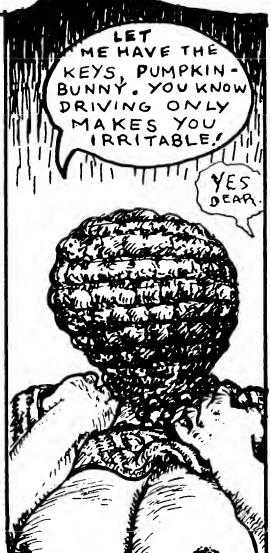
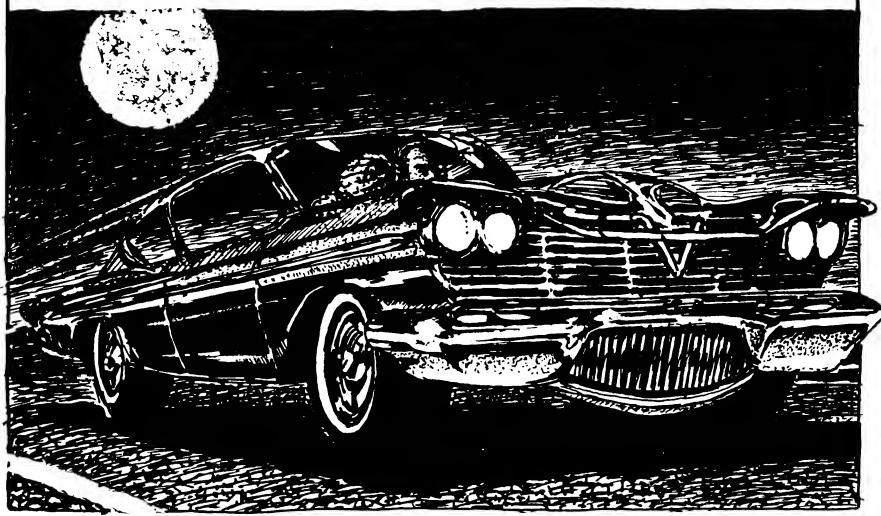
THEN I SAW
HER!

SHUT YER HOLE
YA CHEESE-EATIN'
TROLLP AND STOP
BREATHIN' THAT
CLAMSUCE
ON ME!

NO REALLY BABY,
ANNIE'S RIGHT,
THAT'S WILLA ENDORPH,
SHE'S NO DOORMAT.
SHE GETS UP
AND WALKS!

YEAH? WELL I
DO SOME WALKIN'
MYSELF! AND WHAT
DONNIE APOLLO
WANTS,
DONNIE APOLLO
TAKES!!
BANG-BANG!

SHE TUMBLED FOR MY LINE LIKE A PAIR OF LOADED DICE!!!
WHEN I LEFT THE CLUB THAT NIGHT I WAS SPORTING
SOME EXTRA TUCK'N'ROLL, PAL. ABOUT 350 POUNDS WORTH!



YES MAN, YES. WHAT DONNIE APOLLO WANTS, DONNIE APOLLO TAKES. ONLY I STARTED TO GET THE FEELING THAT WHAT I WAS TAKING WAS A SHORT RIDE IN THE BACK OF A LONG CAR, AND ABOUT HALFWAY TO NOWHERE I REALIZED I WAS IN THE TRUNK WITH A COUPLE OUNCES OF LEAD IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD THAT DIDNT REALLY BELONG THERE.

OH, SHE STARTED SMALL ALRIGHT, BUT SHE HAD BIG PLANS FOR ME, THE BIGGEST. SHE WAS A REAL PRO, A DUMMY-CHUCKER FROM WAY BACK. THERE WAS NO CHANCE I WAS GOING TO BUG MY WAY OUTTA THIS RAP.

SHE BEGAN TO DRESS ME!

THERE -
NOW,
DON'T
YOU
LOOK
NICE.

SCREEEE

SHE GOT ME TO
SELL MY CAR!

SHE CONVINCED ME TO BUY A THREE-BED ROOM COLONIAL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SUBURBAN SPRAWL; A VINYL-SIDED TOMB SO FAR FROM MY OLD STOMPING-GROUNDS, THAT MY FRIENDS FELL AWAY ONE BY ONE. WE DECORATED THE LOVE-NEST TOGETHER. IT WAS SUCH FUN.

SHE COOKED FOR ME!

MAN WICHES
TONIGHT
HONEY!

SHE COOKED, I ATE, SO I PUT ON A LITTLE WEIGHT, WHAT THE HELL? HEY, EVERYBODY SETTLES DOWN, WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT IT? SEE, THE WAY I FIGURED, I WAS A REAL SMART BOY WITH A REAL SWEET DEAL—HOME COOKIN', HOOCH BY THE BARREL AND LIVE-IN PUSSY WHENEVER I WANTED IT----OF COURSE I WANTED IT LESS AND LESS AS IT BECAME MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO MOVE....

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, BROTHER—SHE LOVED TO SEE ME EAT! AND I LOVED TO MAKE HER HAPPY. THE BIGGER I GOT, THE MORE SHE MADE WITH THE DIMINUTIVE PETNAMES—HER LITTLE UBSEY-WUBSEY, HER LITTLE PINKY-DINKY, HER TINY CHUDZO-PUDZO... IT WORRIED ME A BIT, BUT HEY—I HAD DEVILLED HAM, SWEDISH MEATBALLS, FONDUE....

FOR FUN, SHE INVITED HER FRIENDS OVER FOR BARBECUES.



WHENEVER I BEGAN TO STIR FROM MY BLOATED SLUMBER, SHE WOULD QUELL MY INCIPENT MUTINY WITH A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF THAT PORCINE TEMENOS!

OH, SHE WAS SMOOTH. WHEN THE TIME CAME, SHE SLIPPED IT TO ME LIKE A GREASED ICE PICK TO THE BASE OF THE SKULL.

DONNIE HONEY, I WAS JUST THINKING, THE WAY YOU LOVE CHILDREN AND ALL...WELL...

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, EH BITCH! WELL FUCK YOU, I'M OUTTA HERE COLOR ME GONE!

BUT EVEN AS I SPOKE, I KNEW THE TRUTH. ID NEVER LEAVE. I COULDN'T LEAVE. LEAVE? CHRIST, I COULD BARELY WALK!



IN THE END, I FACED-UP TO IT - RESPONSIBILITY, FREEDOM INDEPENDENCE - HELL THEY'RE NOT ALL THEY'RE CRACKED-UP TO BE. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS BRING HOME THE BACON AND SLIP HER THE JOHNSON ONCE IN A WHILE...

IF ID DO THAT, DO MY DUTY WITHOUT COMPLAINT, LIKE A GOOD BOY, THEY ALL, (SHE AND THE KIDS - YEAH WE HAVE FIVE NOW,) THEY ALL LEAVE ME TO MYSELF IN THE CORNER WITH MY LITTLE DOGGIE TREATS; FINALLY, COMPLETELY & MERCIFULLY ALONE.

THE END? 14

CLAIRE

You Killed The Pony Express

Can you believe that I was actually beaten away with thick tongues and heavy hearts? Can you fucking believe that? There I was thinking that my reception was going to be this insanely loving, joyous, slightly saddened hope. Can you believe me? Can you believe that I was actually that fucking romantic about such a hopeless thing? Everyone thought that I was a liar. Now, answer me this. Why would a lie hurt you so much? Lies are meant to comfort. Why would my "lie" hurt you so much? I swear I came to all of you thinking that I was a prophet or something. Here I come running to you with the new law. The Pony Express. Here I come with a new idea. Here I come. Then bang. I'm shot before you even get the fucking message. Some of you call yourselves bleeding hearts. You care? How about this ... You suck. You don't really care about the pained. Actually you don't even know who the real underdogs are, the real poverty stricken. You only know and sing gravely about the cause you heard about through fucking fliers in the mail. The US MAIL I might add. The milk carton kids. Yeah you are a bleeding heart. You bleed everything out of me. I came to you thinking that you would love me for what I was saying. Love me a little and hate me a little. But I was wrong. You just hated me. Open arms? Yeah right. Open arms with a big blade sticking out of your fucking chest. I wasn't lying when I told you that you were killing us. I wasn't lying when I told you that I knew how to save us. I wasn't lying man. Can you believe I was so fucking stupid. I actually believed that you would get the picture. Chalk me up for another loss. You win. Okay, Okay. I admit it. You win. Now we are all going to die. Congratulations. One more time, I wasn't lying.

Flipping Switch

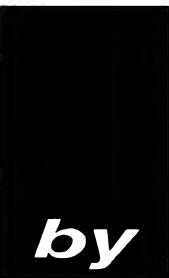
I feel like I am caving in. I don't have a headache, but there is something wrong. There is something in me that is going somewhere, and I am not following it. I am caving in. I think I can. I think I can. I am sticking to the roof of my mouth. I am worn inside out. I am cold. I am tired. The sun beats down on the buildings and the sidewalks and they beat down on me.

The whores have something that I don't. The mothers have something that I don't. The boys have something that I don't. Something that I want . . . sort of. Ahhh. Would you like to know what I would really like to do? Hmmmm. Rip my fucking hair out, that's what. Scrub my face away, until I was bleeding to death. Standing in front of a mirror with a raw bloody face and a hand full of pale skin and a few freckles. That's what. I'd like to fuck something that wasn't real. Get down on my hands and knees and fuck some hard object that wasn't real. Thrashing around, looking like some burning bitch getting worked over by jackhammers or something. Raw steel. Yeah, whatever. We all know that machines don't have tongues. Now Claire, machines do not have the soft spots you dig.

Make love to a hissing socket.

Mechanotherapy

RICHARDS



Stately
Wayne
Manor

The other day, while perusing my collection of fine contemporary literature, I happened across a *Horny Biker Sluts* comic in which a group of geeks revived from an attempt to party with club members and found themselves heavily tattooed. Imagine the total traumatic effect a facial tat would induce.

At the risk of ruining my image as a warm and compassionate human being, I claim there are many who, due to their absolute devotion to being utter wastes of oxygen, truly beg to have **KILL ME** permanently inked on their foreheads. Rather than simply provide a list of individuals who fit the description, I've put together a directory of groups of some - but certainly not all - of the prime candidates.

Morning Zookeepers

Waking up in the a.m. is horrible enough without having to be subjected to a flock (as in sheep) of no-talents on top of it. Throwbacks to the jive-talking, insincere disc jockeys of the glory years of AM radio, zeroes with handles like Banana Bob And His Cuckoo Crew endlessly recycle a half dozen attempts at humor several steps beneath *Mad* magazine.

The type of people who make it embarrassing to be young eat this drivel up, especially the junior high school level sexual innuendo. ("Wow, dude, Gonzo Gary said titmouse on the air!"). Manipulators love the complacent "it's better to be a dolt than adult" audience. (I call it "stupid chic"). They're so easy to control.

The only way I'd change my view of the entire Zoo phenomenon would be if a reputable source assured me the whole thing is a cruel joke designed to see just how gullible the average dimwit is. Ideally, the source would say, "Hey, we hate these boobs as much as you do. Here's a bunch of fish cakes who couldn't find the Pacific Ocean on a globe but they wear stupid Hawaiian shirts every Friday because we tell them to!"

Aging Amateur Jocks

As a participant in the King Of Sports (pro wrestling, of course) I can relate to the fans of athletic competition - to a degree. But to those whose entire realm of thought is sports-related, I say "Get a death."

The worst offenders are those every-shirt-in-the-wardrobe-has-a-number-on-the-back, wearing-a-baseball-cap-all-year-round-to-cover-the-bald-spot "athletic supporters," losers who refuse to mentally leave the little league despite their advancing age.

Despite inhabiting the planet for a few decades, these zilches have managed to ignore every existent topic that does not include a win-loss record or a statistic. Place them in front of a jukebox or menu; mention an art form, historical event, political issue or philosophy - high or lowbrow, it doesn't matter - they're lost. Some even cop an attitude if you dare imply sports are not of paramount importance to the universe. Sorry boys, but I can't seem to recall a single hockey game that changed the world.

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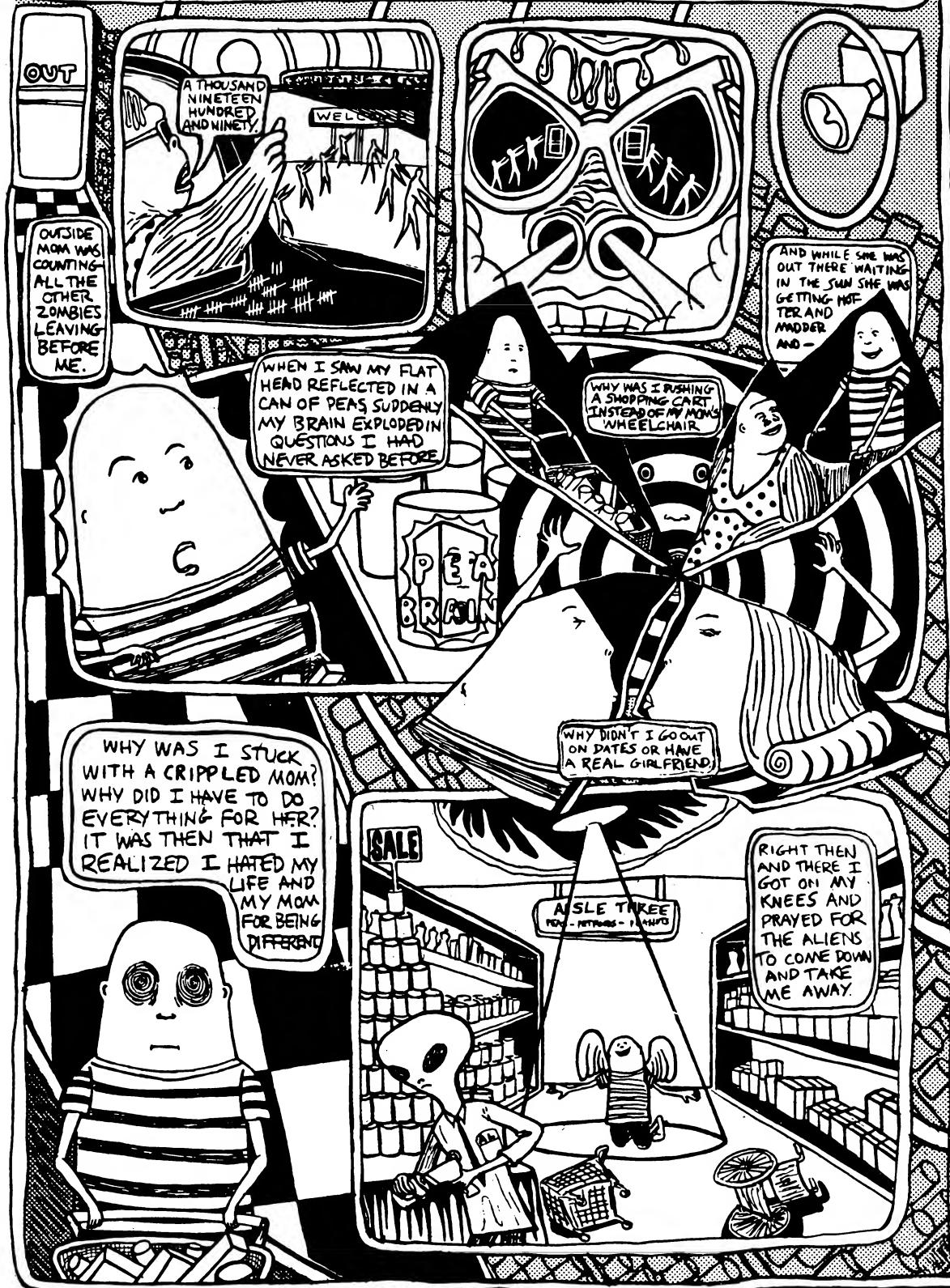
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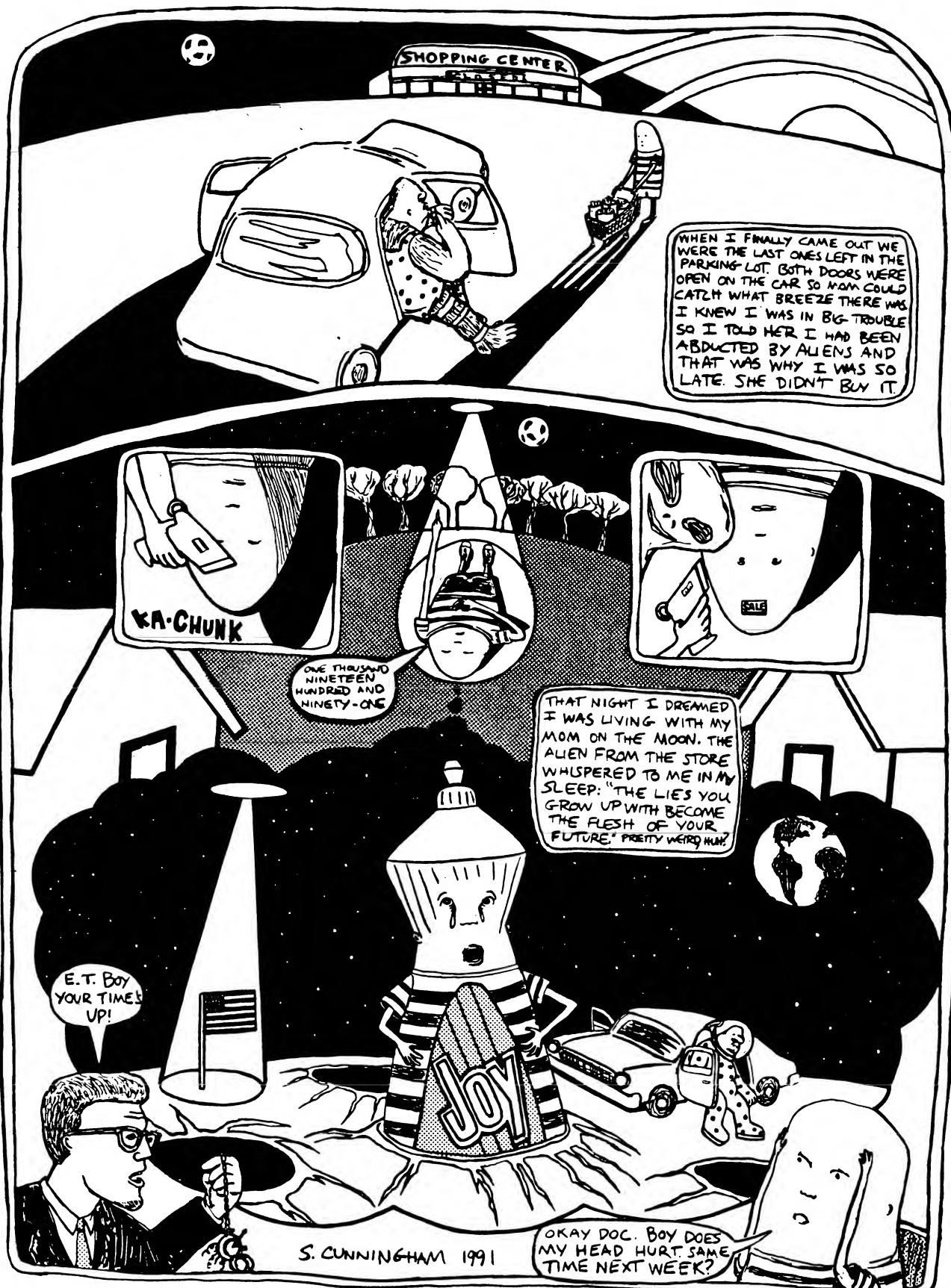
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СИППОН





SEX with ANIMALS

by Sally Eckhoff

I am in heaven when somebody comes snuffling around my ankles and applies their tongue to invisible tasty spots on my pants. Mmmm, salty. Are you hungry, tiny one? Would you like a kiss or a biscuit? I think I could turn and live with animals. God knows I've tried. Dogs get on my nerves a little, with their comic willingness, sticking their noses in my crotch when they don't even know why. But my great loneliness lessens, some lucky times, when I am very close with brute beasts. And so I love animals. I mean I really love them. I want them. I would like to please them. I would like to enrapture them. I would like to do something really nice for them, like experience the ultimate embrace. Give it up, animals. I will make you feel the feels.

Why not, as long as we're not able to produce children? It's been tried, but never adequately explained, unless you count animal porn, which is just exploitation. John Berger's essay, *Why Look At Animals*, articulates the space between us and the lower species, but doesn't go nearly far enough. Stanley Elkin, in *The Making of Ashenden*, a short story from his spicy collection *Searches And Seizures*, has one of his characters satisfy a bear. While walking in the woods, this lovelorn guy stumbles right into the sexual embrace of a monstrous mammal-ette in screaming heat. The Kamchatkan brown bear-fatale walks up to him, sticks her booty in his face, and puts it to him simply: Fuck me or I'll eat you. "Her fur, lanolized by estrus, was incredibly soft, the two swift strokes, gestures of forbidden brunette possibility . . ." He sees his work cut out for him.

First he tries the tender approach, which fails because he limply realizes he's not about to make love to a stuffed toy. Then he tries some lounge-lizard talk. "There's something darlin' in a difference," he whispers to her. His cock finally obeys. He expects relief, and finds joy. ". . . in the warm syrups of the beast, united with her, ecstatic, transcendent, not knowing where his cock left off and the bear began. Not deadened however, not like a novocained presence of tongue in the mouth or the alien

feel of a scar, in fact never so filled with sensation, every nerve in his body alive with delight . . . a lovely new energy like love's atoms split."

Mmmm, salty. This is not the coin-in-the-slot instantaneous experience that sheepfuckers are after. That's just a way of jerking off without having to do it yourself. It ain't animals performing sexually for the camera. It doesn't fit the category of most human sexual congress with animals, which is rape, human aggressor variety. The pleasure, explains Elkin, is mutual. And wouldn't you like to make a pair of soft, brown eyes dizzy with joy?

I would. I have spent too many years dishing out gummy Alpo to my pals, looking through zoo bars at snow leopards tracing eternal figure eights in their concrete cells. And when I look into the opaque grey eyes of my rabbit (a Netherland Dwarf mix and smart as a sandwich) I never know whether he's looking back. He is not a person. He does not like my lipstick flavor. But he responds to my caresses with squeezed-shut eyes and a flattened body, and once when I spent the day in bed I swear he tried to mate with my foot. I do not have a clue as to how to help Hank get off. But if I did, I'd try it.

Why argue for innocence when there are so many emotional factors working in the libido, even in the very young? Like many women who grew up easy in the green woods and fields of Long Island, I spent my childhood on horseback. I've heard all the jokes about all these girls crazy about horses, so I would like to get a couple of things straight. First, the idea of bringing oneself to orgasm simply by rocking against the pommel of the saddle seems to be a myth. Nobody I asked could do it, anyway. Second, attraction to horses is not solely based on the size of their penises, though they are huge. You will never see a riding horse with an erection, since they've all been gelded at birth, and the only thing you'll ever get a glimpse of is long, limp, unwashed dicks that only emerge when it's sunny out and the horse is feeling sleepy/happy, or when it's taking a piss. Take it from me,

Joyce's "guttapercha thing" is not the straw that stirs a woman's bestial drink. But a horse twitches his stifle when he walks or shudders his coat to throw off flies. And the combined stink of horses' sweat and urine mimics a woman's sexual scent almost perfectly. You smell it, and you think, "Where am I? Should I come closer?" You start thinking about how. Perhaps uniting with the beast would make us more human, too. But for women, it can't be done.

But we can dream, can't we? Everybody's heard the story about Katherine The Great being fucked to death by a stallion. And everybody seems to believe it. But it's sheer fantasy, cooked up by her political enemies to discredit her, and bolstered by that quaint and anatomically ignorant notion that all that girls really need is a BIG one. It's not that simple. I propose that instead, we are driven by the allure of physical extremes. Animal grace could erase our self-consciousness somehow, and then we'd feel things we never felt before. Watch a draft horse hunch its rump and strain in the collar to skid that log through the woods. Watch him buck his hips when he's covering a mare. Don't we need to move like that, to unlearn that lesson about ladies not twitching when they walk? You can't be sweet yet robotic out on the street and suddenly turn into a tiger just because your boyfriend bought you something from Victoria's Secret.

Unless, unless, unless... he is a tigertoo. But anybody who thinks the sexual allure of animals is all snarls and big dicks has missed my point. The physical extreme

that makes us want to cross that gap of silence into their world need not be one of sheer mass. In fact, the small, lithe sinuous fuzzy thing that licks your face when you've been crying might wind your clock a whole lot more than one that could shred you with one swipe of his paw. In fact, vegetarian animals can be the most attractive. Their confidence, which so contradicts their most basic instincts, is sweet and rare. Okay, the tiger with his flexible spine and lashing tail makes me feel urgent. But lions are too paternalistic. Forget dogs; they'll do anything. The gentle elephant seems a possibility but for its appearance of great age, and the fact that it is never alone. What about deer? Dolphins seem like a great idea. We've all read about how they love pregnant women. A newly clipped ewe has a sweet looking little vulva, as someone at a county fair recently pointed out to me, but I despise the idea of forcing her, and female animals do not spontaneously desire people. Bighorn rams? Now you're talking.

So can we make them betray their grave faces and their languid manners? Why would we want to simultaneously struggle and receive? In my dreams, baby, I know the answers because I have done them all. Please don't get any stupid ideas, though, and don't write me any letters. Get Jayne Loader's short story collection (out in paperback), read *Song Of The Fucked Duck*, and give your dog a bone. I mean a biscuit.

Next ish: Andrea Dworkin might be right! We'll take a good look.

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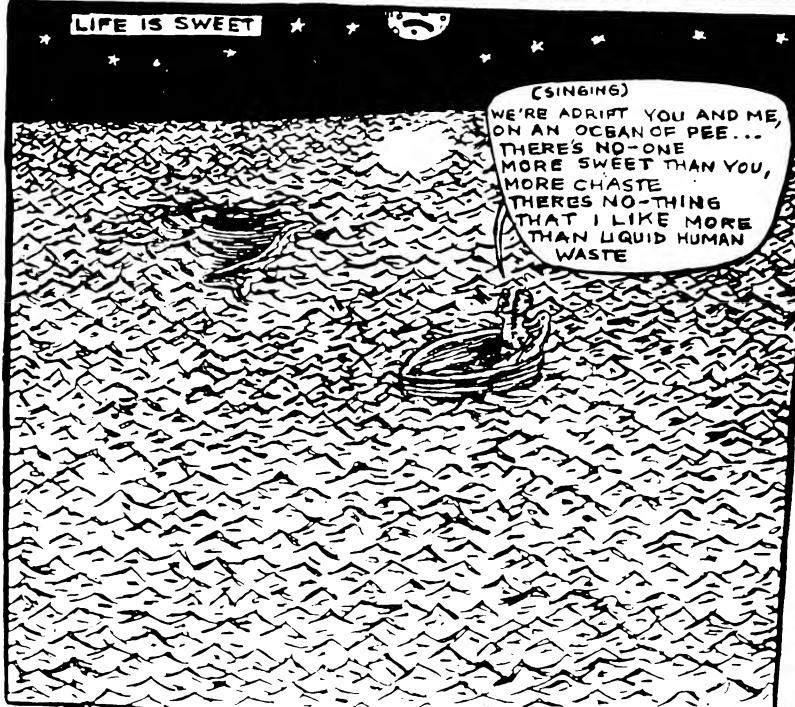
DREAMS of the UROLA GNIAC FIEND

THE CRITICS
AGREE!

"It's touching
and kind of real."
— NEW YORK TIMES

"Makes me thirsty."
— JACK CATSOUTA
THE BAG

"A magical, fun-filled
celebration for the
entire family, with
characters who happen
to imbibe large
quantities of urine."
— HOUSTON POST



Celluloid Void

On The Bowery

(d) lionel rogosin (1956)

Dat time whan ya did dat ting . . .

Gwan, gwan, dat's nutin' . . .

Dat wuz da lowest ting a humin bean ever done, I tell ya.

*Dere was nutin' dat coulda' been done.
Whadya, whadya, gwan.*

*It wuz da lowest, I gives ya fifteen cents for
shoelaces an ya never showed up not the rest
of taday. It wuz da lowest . . .*

*Gwan, dere wuz nutin' I tell ya . . .
glaaaargh graschk . . . anyways, shaddup an
pass dat dere drinks.*

This is the way people talk to one another on the world's most notorious skid row: New York City's Bowery. But don't feel sorry for these men and women; they certainly don't feel sorry for themselves. Anyway, how can you feel sorry for people who like to drink and laugh and drink and argue and when finished arguing, drink and drink and then drink some more . . . until the bars close or the muscatel runs out. It's not a bad life really, not if you don't mind sleeping in garbage cans, constantly peeling scabs from your swollen calves, having your drinking buddies waiting for you to pass out so they can steal your shoes or swallowing sterno squeezed through cheesecloth for breakfast. Documentarist Rogosin, who won a prize at Venice in 1956, with this, his first feature, takes a somewhat detached and decidedly unsentimental view of this squalid demimondaine. He doesn't romanticize the people who stumble about these filthy mean streets and he doesn't judge them either; he just lets us look at them as they go about the business of hustling a drink. And the longer we are allowed to look, the more fascinating and ultimately, the more pitifully hilarious these individuals become. Fascinating, because of the lengths to which these Bowery denizens will go to scare up some hooch or to secure a flop, pitifully hilarious, because our harsh croak of laughter is the recognition that these men and women are ourselves. Others may call them bums or alcoholics and while this may be true, they are also human beings, human beings searching for a bit of security, a little comfort, some small talk; can we honestly say our needs are so markedly different? *On The Bowery* gives the lie to those who would answer in the affirmative.

Revenge Of The Zombies

(d) steve sekely (1943)

Unfairly dismissed as a low budget imitation of Val Lewton's *I Walked with a Zombie*, this Monogram release is a rather effective blend of slapstick and morbid atmospherics. John Carradine stars as a mad Nazi scientist feverishly working away in the Louisiana swamps in a woebegone attempt to produce a zombie army for the Fuhrer. So dedicated is Carradine, that he intentionally poisons his wife and reanimates her corpse in an effort to perfect his experiments. This is because the undead he has already created are obedient but a tad slow moving. However, Carradine's tinkering with his already proven formula results in a dead spouse with a will of her own, and she, understandably upset, leads the zombies in an uprising against her homicidal hubby.

At sixty-one minutes, *Revenge* (released in some markets as *The Corpse Vanished*) wastes little time on small talk, director Sekely preferring to concern himself with creating a sense of dread punctuated by brief bits of comic relief. Pay particular attention to the sequences shot in the ominously shadowed cemetery, the fog shrouded swamp and the loopily overlit laboratory. *Revenge* also boasts a wonderfully creepy performance by Carradine and a hilariously pop-eyed Stepin-Fetchit turn by Mantan Moreland. That the film works as well as it does must be credited to its director who was schooled in the artsy Danubia studios of Budapest before coming to America in the late thirties.

For many people, the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a military style ambush, an old fashioned coup d'état planned by the military industrial complex, executed by aging, terrified cold warriors in the Pentagon and CIA's covert operation bureaus and covered up by the Dallas police, the Secret Service, the FBI and the White House with the blessings of both J. Edgar Hoover and Lyndon Baines Johnson. This will come as no surprise to anyone who has read even a scintilla of that pack of lies otherwise known as the Warren Commission Report or anyone who was old enough to remember the subsequent assassination of Robert F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Understanding that people no longer read anymore and that the few who do, have allowed themselves to be brainwashed by the propaganda devices of our fascist right-wing government - television, newspapers and magazines of general circulation - Oliver Stone has made a movie that attempts to lay everything out for you. For Stone, the how and the who is "just scenery for the public" that keeps us from asking the real question, that keeps us playing this ridiculous "parlor game," that keeps us from asking: Why? Why was John F. Kennedy killed?

It's not that complicated really. If you believe, as Stone does - and in light of our recent forays in Panama and Iraq it's almost impossible not to believe - that the "organizing principle of any society is for war and that the authority of the state over its citizens rests in its war powers," than John F. Kennedy was a dead duck almost the minute he took control of the White House. Kennedy was a peacenik; he wanted to end the Cold War by his second term. He wished to call off the moon race in favor of cooperation with the Soviets and to sign a treaty with them banning nuclear testing. He refused to invade Cuba in 1962 and set out to withdraw from Vietnam. And to insure that his plans would brook no resistance, Kennedy issued a top secret directive that made the joint chiefs of staff wholly responsible for all covert para-military operations in peace time. Essentially, this ended the reign of the CIA, splintering it, as JFK promised he would, into "a thousand pieces." But before this directive could be implemented, the major players in the CIA, the Pentagon and the defense industry who stood to lose over eighty billion dollars a year in profits thanks to Kennedy's policies, entered into an unholy conspiracy, a conspiracy which kicked into high gear on November 22, 1963 and continues to the present day. You think it's an accident that a former director of the CIA is sitting in the Oval Office?

C'mon, think about it, this doesn't seem so far fetched. If it was, would critics be picking Stone apart over minor details like whether the Donald Sutherland character actually existed or whether the Costner character actually had a female assistant? Would political columnists be taking Stone to task for not proving his case? Not proving his case? Merely laying out the conclusions of the Warren Commission, an investigative body assisted by the FBI, the

CIA and the Dallas Police Department, and including such eminent personages as future president Gerald R. Ford, former Chief Justice Earl Warren (the wonderful man who placed all those innocent Japanese-Americans in California internment camps during WW II) and the Commission's most active member, the former head of the CIA (fired by Kennedy) Allen Dulles, proves Stone's case. Would movie reviewers like the one for *The Washingtonian* (D.C.'s answer to *New York magazine*) have to resign for writing a positive review of the film? If it was so far-fetched, why would *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* publish lengthy essays attempting to discredit virtually every book that has questioned the Warren Commission and its primary conclusion that Oswald acted alone? Would "journalist" Dan Rather take to the airwaves professing his sacrosanct belief in the findings of Warren and his boys? And what about all those stories that are suddenly popping up in our nation's newspapers purporting to prove that the Mafia was solely responsible for plotting and executing the assassination?

As if the mob could change the parade route, eliminate the protection for the President, send Oswald to Russia and get him back, get the FBI, CIA and Dallas police to make a mess of the investigation, force the Warren Commission



The FBI faked photo of Kennedy's head

to issue twenty-six volumes of fiction, direct the autopsy, and pressure the national media to ignore the facts. And when, as Stone notes, if ever, "has the mob used anything other than a .38 for up close hits?" Then again, maybe we should listen to our "kinder, gentler" President who had this to say about *JFK*: "I don't know much about the movie. I haven't seen it, and there's all kinds of conspiratorial theories floating around on everything. Elvis Presley is rumored to be alive and well someplace, and I can't say that somebody won't go out and make a movie about that."

Bush, who ran the agency himself in the mid-seventies, made no attempt to review the CIA files on the assassination. He has no need to. Recently uncovered evidence strongly implicates him in the hiring of E. Howard Hunt and others as triggermen in connection with the plot to murder Kennedy.

As entertainment, *JFK* succeeds magnificently. Director Stone, who also co-wrote the screenplay, takes the gallimaufry of conspiracy theories, effectively separates the wheat from the chaff and then puts it all together in the guise of a story about Jim Garrison, a New Orleans district attorney attempting to try a local businessman, Clay Shaw, for conspiracy to commit the assassination. An all-star cast is superb. Even Kevin Costner has been miraculously coaxed into giving a restrained and at times, moving performance. (Only Sissy Spacek's strained portrayal as

Garrison's wife and the maudlin domestic scenes pondering to America's purported need to witness the "man behind the mare" offer a minor distraction from the film's mesmerizing progression). The editing, often intercutting old news footage with staged scenes, is adroitly done; almost every sequence is imbued with rhythm and power making the film, which is almost three hours long, seem only half that length.

JFK is not only a great film, it is an important one. It asks its audience to awake from their slumbers and to come to grips with the fact that they have been duped and manipulated for almost twenty years by a fascist dictatorship, a hidden government that has reduced the presidency to a "transient official . . . a business agent for military and hardware manufacturers." What a courageous act for a man like Stone, wealthy and influential, who has only money to gain and everything (including his life) to lose. It is so bold, so daring, that there really is little, short of armed insurrection, that we can do to thank him. As I write this, the movie is making money, people are talking about it and Stone is still alive. Which only means, I suppose, that the big boys aren't worried. I guess they figure that a nation that cheered the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of helpless Arabs just a few short months ago isn't going to do anything after watching *JFK*, except go home and go to bed.

Blood In The Face (ed) james ridgeway & michael moore (1991)

Will Rogers never met these guys. These guys being members of various Aryan supremacy groups who should be ashamed of having allowed their intellectual and emotional deficiencies to be paraded on film by hot shot *Village Voice* reporter James Ridgeway and Michael (*Roger and Me*) Moore. Of course the "Aryans" don't see it this way, besides they're too busy worrying about the eminent invasion of Texas by Ruskies in tanks and Mongolians mounted on horses specially bred to carry up to seven hundred pounds of ammo. How the Aryans came into possession of such incendiary "intelligence" while the rest of the nation slept is never really made clear, but what is made quite clear is that the eventual invasion as well as all of this country's present ills are a direct result of a massive Jewish conspiracy, a conspiracy that has as its goal the destruction of the white race. Now a Jew, as we are constantly told by Aryan leaders (most of whom are alarmingly pale and even more alarmingly inarticulate), is not necessarily defined by creed or color, no, it's primarily a matter of attitude. Thus, Ronald Reagan by virtue of having appointed "twenty-eight Jews" to his cabinet is also a Jew. (At least one has to credit these cretins with understanding that Reagan is not their friend). In other words, anyone who doesn't agree with an Aryan leader is a Jew. And even if you do agree with the Aryans, if you're

Black, or Oriental, or Indian or an Italian whose ancestors were born south of Milan, you're not wanted. That's because your blood has somehow been irredeemably tainted or you're just an animal.

This is pretty stupid stuff but these Aryan folk look like they're ready to die for it. And kill you if you happen to get in their way. Fortunately, there doesn't seem to be too many of these people outside the state of Louisiana, so I don't think we have too much to worry about. What's fascinating about this acclaimed documentary is that these poor cretins are more frightened than frightening (which is not to say that you should walk into one of their rallies cracking wise). Most of them are dirt poor, semi-literate, semi-intelligent and congenitally incapable of accepting responsibility for their misfortune and unhappiness. So, they blame the kikes and the mud people and the communists for having to live in dilapidated houses and work at menial jobs. All of this could get old in a hurry, but Ridgeway and company have done a masterful job of mixing archival footage, press conferences with the likes of George Lincoln Rockwell and David Duke, telling personal interviews with nothings and nobodies and scenes of cross burnings, marches and hate rallies so that the seventy odd minutes of running time seems to literally fly by.

PABLO PICASSO

HIS ASTONISHING WORLD

P. Reves

Part 1: THE CUBIST YEARS

PICASSO
WOULD GET
INTO ARGU-
MENTS
WITH AN
IMAGINARY
CLASSICAL
PIECE OF
STATUARY
THAT WAS
"FOLLOWIN'
HIM."

LISTEN YOU! I'MA GONNA
BREAK-A YOU DOWN! INTO
THE LEETLE CUBES.
UNLESS YOU QUIT
FOLLOWIN' ME!

ANOTHER PROBLEM
PLAGUING THE SMALL,
FIERY CUBIST WAS
FREQUENT LION
ATTACKS-

LISTEN YOU STUPID-A CAT!
GET-A YOU PAWS OFF-A ME!
OR I GONNA BREAK-A YOU DOWN!
KNOCK-A YOU DOWN INTO
LEETLE CUBES!

FOLLOWING THESE
INCIDENTS, PICASSO
WOULD "COOL OFF"
BY DRIVING AROUND
WITH A CARTOON
DUCK.

I MUST SAY,
PABLO, I THOUGHT
YOU HANDLED THAT!
VERY WELL.

...LEETLE CUBES!
GONNA... GONNA KNOCK...
BREAK... INTO CUBES...
LEETLE CUBES!

LATER FAIRIES
WOULD ROCK
PICASSO
WHILE THE
DUCK SANG HIM
TO SLEEP.

GET OUT YOUR BRUSHES
AND YOUR PAINT
TUBES

YOU'RE
GONNA KNOCK
'EM INTO LITTLE
CUBES

Motorpsycho!
(d) russ meyer (1965)

More potboiler than satiric melodrama, *Motorpsycho* nevertheless delivers a few laughs thanks to the outrageous performances of Alex Rocco and Stephen Oliver. The latter plays Brahmin, a Vietnam vet who likes to ride around the desert with his oleaginous buddies Dante and Slick beating the tar out of unsuspecting motorists and gang raping their female companions. When the trio attempt to work their magic on Cory, a thirtyish veterinarian (Rocco) and his wife, Gail, Cory knocks them on their asses. Brahmin and his boys bide their time, waiting until Cory makes a house call on a broken-down buxom blonde breeder of broncos before breaking into Cory's house where they proceed to . . . beat and gang rape Gail. When the cops refuse to get involved, Cory decides to track down the psychopathic bikers himself. Along the way he hooks up with Ruby, a sultry Cajun whose husband has had the misfortune of having his truck break down right before the gang rides by.

At this point *Motorpsycho* veers from relatively straightforward, if trashy, drama to heavy-handed satire. Meyer and screenwriter William (*Mudhoney*) Sprague



would like us to laugh at Cory, a character so consumed by his need for revenge that he would knowingly pursue three crazed and armed young men through uninhabited terrain even though unarmed and burdened with a woman, but the whole thing comes off rather flat. The opposing parties stay a respectful distance away from one another and far too much time is wasted on the burgeoning relationship between Ruby and Cory. By the time Cory and Brahmin face down one another, you could care less, even though both actors have chewed up the scenery like rabid dogs in an effort to keep our attention. The one exception to all this is the scene in which Cory, bitten on the leg by a snake, has to force Ruby to suck the poison out. Listening to the frightened and desperate Cory scream, for what seems like an eternity, "Suck it. That's right, suck it. Suck it." is at once exhilarating and dismaying. Exhilarating because of its goofy wrongheadedness, dismaying because it clues us in as to the gloriously deranged film Meyer really wanted to make but for some reason did not. One year later Meyer would make that film: *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* which was shown in many venues ironically, as part of a double bill with *Motorpsycho*.

Wild Gals Of The Naked West
(d) russ meyer (1961)

Made for only twenty-four thousand dollars and with a running time of about sixty-five minutes, *Wild Gals of the Naked West* apparently was designed solely to appeal to the ignorant and unwary through sensationalism and cheapness. It is a film that only a Meyer completest will love, a messy amalgamation of ineffective slapstick, poor plotting - Meyer spends almost a half hour introducing us to the played out western town and its denizens - an uninteresting story, and rather surprisingly for a filmmaker acclaimed for his taste in feminine pulchritude, a cast that features a number of unattractive women.

The last of Meyer's nudie-cuties - *Europe In The Raw* and *Heavenly Bodies* were documentaries - *Wild Gals* eventually metamorphoses into the tale of a dappy, diminutive, donkey-riding dolt's efforts to rid himself and the town of the unwanted attentions of a bullying gunslinger named Snake Wolf and win the hand of Wolf's girlfriend, Goldie Nuggets. Which the dwarfish dunce does but not before donning a ten gallon powder blue hat, orange cowboy suit, purple boots with huge diamonds on each toe and a three foot long gun. This is the only bit in the movie that works. Meyer wouldn't release a worthwhile feature length film until 1964's *Lorna* in which he added mega doses of ultra-violence to the mix.

etc
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Aenigma

(d) Lucio fulci (1987)

For those of us who are waiting for Lucio Fulci to reclaim the glories of the past with such films as *The Beyond*, *Beatrice Cenci*, *City Of The Living Dead* and *House By The Cemetery*, I'm afraid we'll just have to wait a little longer. *Aenigma* is a disappointment in almost all departments.

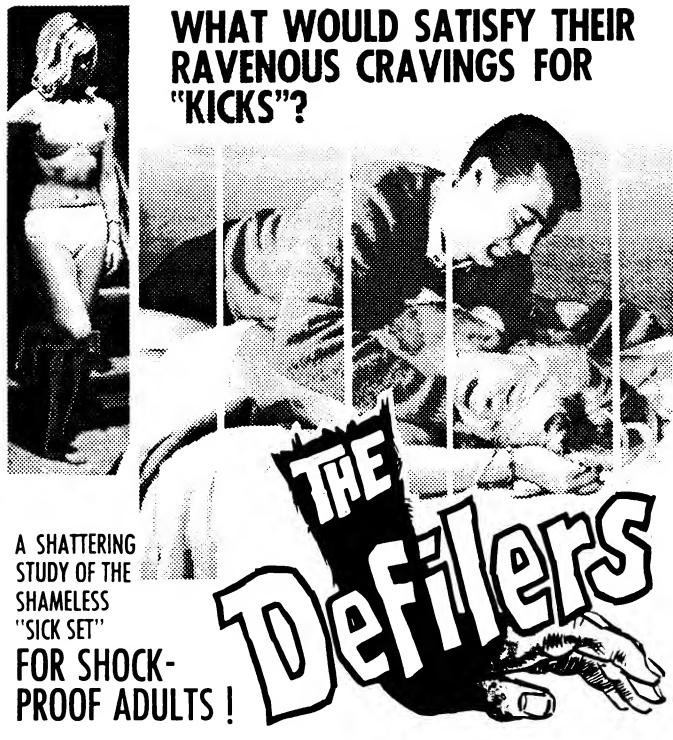
Fulci is at his best when recreating situations that depend on a Gothic horror mood. *City Of The Living Dead* and *The Beyond* recreate the fetid atmosphere found in the literature of H. P. Lovecraft, while *Zombie* was less a Romero styled rip-off than an updating of forties voodoo films. Even Fulci's westerns are successful because they fully exploit the times they are supposed to represent. However, let Fulci set a film in the present day and he loses what style his directorial flourishes seem to possess. Examples of this deadening effect can be seen in his early *giallo*, *A Woman In A Lizard's Skin*, along with his worst film *New York Ripper*. Even his innocuous sex comedy *La Pretora* suffers this ailment, but this may be due to the fact the genre is totally moribund.

All of this leads up to the fact that *Aenigma*, set at a Boston school for girls, is a stale number that shamelessly rips off *Carrie* and *Prom Night 2*. I had my hopes that Fulci might exploit this setting much like Dario Argento did in *Suspiria*, however, all he does is instruct cinematographer Luigi Ciccarese to use as many blue and red gels as possible so that the film will at least look like the aforementioned stylish thriller. The plot can be summed up thusly: Kathi gets humiliated on her first date and then is run over by a car on the way home ending up in the hospital in a coma. While in this comatose state, Kathi spends the balance of the film controlling a student with prior mental problems and having her minion kill off the people responsible for her condition. It's obvious that our only pleasure will be found in the means by which the guilty parties are eliminated. Here, we get such "creative" kills as death by statue, strangulation and snails. If you've never experienced death by snail sucking (if you have, please let me know), it's tantamount to watching paint dry!

Performances are, for the most part, uninteresting, with Jared Martin's bordering on comatose. He's a neurologist who basically copulates with every available student. The other players are no-named thespians who will undoubtedly keep this film off their resumes if they ever become famous. Fulci gives his usual cameo performance but as his gaunt appearance shows, his health problems have taken their toll. If ever a sequel to *The Beyond* needs to be made, the time is now, Fulci may not be around much longer.

by Craig Ledbetter





The Defilers
(d) lee frost (1964)

Jim and Carl don't take crap from nobody, not their gold-digging little girlfriends or their rich philistine parents. These are tough guys alright, and they're not afraid to knock down anyone who gets in the way of their never ending pursuit of kicks. There's only one problem however, Jim and Carl seem to have done it all: smoked grass, made love to dozens of women, drunk beer in the car with the top down. What to do for thrills man, when you've seemingly done it all? Well, for Carl who really wants to fuck Jim but just doesn't know how to broach the subject, the next best thing is to kidnap a young girl and make her his love slave. Jim doesn't dig the idea but when Carl labels him a square, Jim, bowing to the pressure, decides to go along.

A sleazy and entertaining variation on John Fowles' *The Collector*, *The Defilers* boasts a screenplay by David Friedman (who also produced the film, his first after his break with H.G. Lewis) and some rather effective black and white cinematography by Lee Frost. While Friedman hasn't given his actors many memorable lines, he effectively plots his story, peppering it with nudity, voyeurism, misogyny, latent homosexuality and repressed hysteria. Director Frost who began his career in nudies and nudie cuties went on to become one of the more talented exploitation mavens achieving a notoriety of sorts with *Hot Spur* and the deliciously hateful *Love Camp Seven*. (Available from Something Weird Video).

The Last Days of Planet Earth

(d) shiro moritani (1974)

by Ernie Santilli

Isn't it strange how some films seem to gain wide cult acceptance while other equally bizarre titles are virtually ignored? Here's a perfect example. *Last Days of Planet Earth* is a real mind blower that irregularly pops up on UHF or late, late shows, yet, with the exception of a brief review in the *Psychotronic Dictionary*, it receives few accolades.

The standard "this is what will happen if man doesn't wise up pronto" theme prevalent in so many earlier sci-fi movies is given an interesting twist. *Last Days* foreshadows how Nostradamus' most gloomy predictions will come true unless people start acting more responsibly. (Fat chance).

If the overall premise sounds familiar, it's because the film boasts a title similar to the Orson Welles cornball Nostradamus clunker, *The Late Great Planet Earth*. But, where the Welles film is long on words and hocus-pocus atmosphere, its Japanese cousin is straight out of action city.

Director Moritani occasionally pauses to get a bit of the spider-web-thin plotline out of the way. This accounts for a total of about twenty-minutes of rhythm-destroying dialogue. The remainder of the film is devoted to a relentless collage of anonymous characters suffering violent terminations.

For the bulk of the picture, Moritani strings together an appalling sequence of vividly illustrated scenes of virtually every catastrophe imaginable: fire, floods, leeches, vampires, food riots, nuclear weapon launches and rock music. I seriously doubt there has ever been a movie where so many people die horrible deaths in such a variety of ways.

Even the mass youth suicides are memorable. One group of bikers draws straws with the "winners" having the honor of riding their Hondas off a cliff into a river. The Bohemian crowd commandeer sailboats, dress themselves in Carnaby Street leftovers and drift out to sea in an artsy self-snuff celebration.

Children attend elementary school wearing gas masks. The sky turns into a mirror. Scene after scene of negative visual images bombard the screen. The kicker is that this isn't a highbrow feature aimed at the snooty "We attend the foreign cinema" audience; it's a Toho production geared to scare the snot out of kids!

If 2001 was the ideal movie to project behind an acid band performance, *Last Days* is the equivalent for a death metal concert. Look for it in your TV listings. And pass the word.

The Rapture

(d) michael tolkin (1991)

For some inexplicable reason, *The Rapture* was a box office failure. It played a couple of weeks in a few of the major markets and then sank without a trace. A shame really, because the film marks the arrival of a major talent in Tolkin and the confirmation of the abilities of the statuesque Mimi Rogers who had heretofore been wasted in thankless parts.

Rogers has the starring role as Sharon, a bored and vaguely frustrated telephone operator. When not working the phones, Sharon tools around town trolling for swinging couples with her erstwhile British boyfriend Vic, a wealthy but badly aging playboy. Sharon's going nowhere and she knows it. She's in her thirties, stuck in a dead end job and looking for a way out of an obscene and cretinous relationship: she's a prime candidate for an epiphany, a sucker for an opportunity at spiritual rebirth. And when two charismatic Christians magically appear on Sharon's doorstep, it triggers a chain of fantastic - but dramatically effective - circumstance that leads to a religious conversion and concomitant change in lifestyle.

Cut to six years later. Sharon is a happy little homemaker married to a successful business executive named Randy. They have a beautiful young daughter and live in a nicely furnished tract house. Bang! It all comes crashing down when a disaffected employee shoots Randy through the heart. Sharon tries to tell herself it's God's will but she's not sure. She's having visions. God and her dead husband are calling her to the desert to await the RAPTURE. "And the woman fled into the desert where she had a place prepared for her by God," says the *Book of Revelations*. Sharon has no choice; she packs a few things for her and her daughter and the two of them drive off to the wasteland to wait, and wait and . . .

Beginning with the premise that emotional disaffection is endemic to both libertines and fundamentalists Christians, Tolkin spends a good portion of the film portraying both as disquietingly uninvolved. But contrary to the opinion of many blasé mainstream reviewers, this rather pedestrian notion constitutes anything but the primary thesis of the film. With this conceit as a spring board, Tolkin folds each of the subsequent scenarios back upon itself puncturing the audiences expectations at every turn. The film careens towards a halucinatory and devastating climax which must be seen to be believed. The denouement is perhaps the single most hateful directorial gesture I have ever witnessed. I strongly suggest you see this film lest the *dies irae* take you by surprise.

Mr. Sardonicus

(d) william castle (1961)

Producer-director-huckster Castle made many amusingly kitschy horror films, and while *Sardonicus* may not be as well known as efforts such as *Homicidal* or *The Tingler*, it is just as entertaining. Liberally adapted from Paul Leni's 1927 silent film *The Man Who Laughs*, *Sardonicus* is the story of a humble nineteenth century laborer (Guy Rolfe) who digs up his father's grave to retrieve a winning lottery ticket. The shock of seeing the rotting corpse freezes the unfortunate man's mouth in a permanent death head's grin which leaves him looking something like Ed Sullivan in the throes of indigestion. The laborer, now very rich, adopts the name Sardonicus, adorns himself with a semi-lifelike mask and with the help of his sadistic, one-eyed servant attempts to effect a cure by performing all sorts of nasty experiments on local wenches like attaching leeches to their faces and private parts. Naturally, these innovative treatments fail miserably, so Sardonicus forces a world famous neurosurgeon into his employ by threatening to turn Mrs. Sardonicus into the mirror image of himself. The good doctor cures Sardonicus of his ghastly grin but the unfortunate side-effect leaves his mouth permanently shut, ensuring death by dehydration.

Creepy, atmospheric and steeped in black humor, *Mr. Sardonicus* also boasts a hilariously histrionic turn by Oscar "When the master says do this thing, I do this thing" Homolka.

When originally shown in theaters, the narrative was interrupted by a punishment poll in which the audience was asked to choose between alternative endings. Knowing his public (or perhaps not caring) Castle purportedly filmed only one conclusion in which Homolka, exacting retribution for having his eye put out by Sardonicus, refuses to inform his employer that his problem is purely psychosomatic.



Mr. Sardonicus

Attack Of The 50-Foot Woman

(d) nathan hertz (juran) (1958)

by Conrad Widener

During her all too brief career, Allison Hayes made a lasting impression on many horror and science fiction fans. Appearing in a string of films in the late fifties and early sixties, Allison's heart stopping good looks added punch to such movies as *The Uneearthly*, *The Disembodied*, *Zombies of Mora Tau* and *The Hypnotic Eye*. But beyond being physically attractive, Allison Hayes was a good actress. The films in which she appeared were hardly grade-A material, yet in each one, Allison brought considerable conviction to her parts, whether heroine or villainess. There was something believable and natural about her performances: her acting never seemed forced. And in *Attack of The 50-Foot Woman*, Allison had her most memorable role.

While driving on California's Route 66, the slightly tipsy Nancy Archer (Allison) encounters a UFO. Emerging from the flying sphere is a thirty-foot space man who is very interested in Nancy's star of India diamond. Understandably upset, Nancy makes a run for it, yelling for her husband, Harry. The local sheriff and his deputy try to appease the hysterical Mrs. Archer by driving to the scene of her close encounter. They find Nancy's car but no spaceship or thirty-foot giant. The sheriff knows Nancy is prone to pop one cork too many and blames the whole affair on the red eye Mrs. Archer was drinking. We know poor Nancy is telling the truth and we feel sorry for her. And where is hubby Harry (William Hudson) during all the excitement? Why he's at a nearby bar sucking face with the town Jezebel, Honey Parker (Yvette Vickers). Harry is a low down hunk of pig dung who is only interested in Nancy's money. For some unknown reason, Nancy still loves the two-timing creep.

In telling Harry the fantastic story, Nancy insists he drive her back to the desert. Mr. Archer soon learns that his wife is not off her rocker as they both meet the giant from outer space. Harry blasts the big guy with bullets but they have no effect so he burns rubber back to town, leaving his wife behind. Later Mrs. Archer is found naked, minus her star of India diamond. Nancy's personal physician, Dr. Cushing is called in to treat her.

While searching the area where Mrs. Archer was found, the sheriff comes upon a huge footprint. Soon after, he and Nancy's faithful butler, Jessup, head for the desert to investigate where they meet (who else) the big bald man from outer space. The huge alien smashes their car but zooms back to the stars after the sheriff throws some hand grenades at his imposing chest.

Meanwhile, Nancy has begun to grow and grow and grow, a process which baffles Dr. Cushing. Soon, Nancy's astounding growth reaches fifty feet. Not even heavy sedation can keep her down. She's big and mad and wants the philandering Harry. Nancy destroys her house and stomps off looking for her cheating husband. When the giantess discovers Harry with Honey, things get ugly. Nancy kills Honey and carries off a screaming Harry. Bullets and high tension wires end Nancy's rampage, but it's curtains for Harry as well: Nancy's giant jealous hand has crushed her hubby to death. In death Nancy Archer finally has Harry all to herself.

A soap opera laced with science fiction, *Attack of The 50-Foot Woman* will never win any awards in the special effects department. Big deal. Keeping in perspective that this is a low budget fifties flick, the huge rubber hands and superimposed giants are enjoyably silly. In addition, the sincere performance of Allison Hayes helps you disregard these less than special effects. Allison brings just the right amount of pathos to the role of Nancy Archer. She wisely plays the part straight and so is quite effective as the lonely, unloved woman no one believes. And of course in her 50-foot state, Allison looks fantastic in her bed sheet mini-skirt and matching bra. Hayes is well-supported by William Hudson and Yvette Vickers, both acting up a storm. The rest of the cast chews the scenery with straight-faced aplomb.

Mark Hanna's script is amusing, nicely balancing the absurd and the melodramatic. Hanna also provides some great lines such as this exchange between Dr. Cushing and deputy Charlie:

Dr. Cushing: She'll tear up the town until she finds Harry!

Deputy: Yeah, and then she'll tear up Harry!

Director Hertz (aka Nathan Juran who also directed *The Brain From Planet Arous*, *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* and *Black Castle* among others) does a credible job. The desert town setting works well and interestingly, was used in several fifties fright flicks including *Tarantula* and *The Monolith Monsters*. Ronald Stein contributes a nice, "weird" score.

The version I watched on Cinemax omits the pre-credit preview scene in which the sheriff and Jessup explore the alien spaceship. Also missing is the campy written narration. Perhaps these scenes are in the TV prints only (although I've not seen the Key Video version). Whatever version you watch, *The 50-Foot Woman* will serve as a pleasing reminder that you don't need a ninety million dollar budget to make an entertaining picture.



ALIED ARTISTS PICTURES presents

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN

ALICE HAYES WILLIAM HUDSON YVETTE VICKERS
BERNARD WOOLNER NATHAN HERTZ MARK HANNA

The Vanishing (d) george sluizer (1991)

This extravagantly overpraised French-Dutch production is a tightly constructed, intelligent little film, a sure bet to mesmerize those who would characterize something like, say, Claude Chabrol's *Le Boucher* as a masterpiece of understated horror. Told in a disconcertingly elliptical style, *The Vanishing* is the story of a young man named Rex Hofman and his obsessive search for his girlfriend Saskia who mysteriously disappears one fine day after entering a convenience store at a gas station to purchase some drinks. Three years later, Rex is still searching for Saskia, plastering posters all over town and appearing on local talk shows begging for information even though he is sure his beloved is dead. For Rex, this is more than an obsession, it is "an homage to the vanished loved one."

An homage which piques the curiosity of the abductor, one Raymond Lemorne, schoolteacher, faithful married man and father of two beautiful young girls. A dedicated man, an intelligent and rational man, the kind of man who thinks nothing of jumping into a canal to save the life of a little girl who is drowning. Yes, Raymond is a good French citizen but he does have a problem, a problem he has thus far managed to keep hidden from family and society. He's nuts.

As a teenager Raymond jumped from a balcony because he knew he was "predestined not to" and knowing also that he would most likely kill himself. He didn't, and twenty-six years later, Raymond, for the same irrational reason decides he must abduct a woman, which turns out after much trial and error to be Saskia. We don't know what has happened to Saskia at this point but Raymond after repeatedly sending messages to Rex to meet him at specific locales the three years following the abduction, finally reveals himself to Rex. If Rex agrees to come home with Raymond, he, Raymond will reveal all, but only if Rex follows orders.

Thus far *The Vanishing* has been somewhat slow moving and rather pretentious, but once Raymond introduces himself to Rex, the film really kicks into overdrive. You want to think, to catch your bearings, to just step back and breathe a little, but you're not given a chance. You're in a little car with a fussy, pompous, garrulous maniac driving on the road to hell and all you can do is pray that things don't get any uglier than they are. They do. But let me tell you this without running the risk of spoiling the whole thing, the denouement is quite simply a totally unexpected, vicious and heartfelt kick in the gut.

The World's Greatest Sinner (d) timothy carey (1962)

This agreeably loopy parable about a self-proclaimed Messiah's attempts to win the Presidency should be required viewing for any men of God beset by political aspirations. Director Carey, the guy who did all the crying before being executed in Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, plays the part of Clarence Hilliard, a middle-aged insurance salesman who wakes up one fine morning to discover that he is an ubermensch. Purposefully getting himself fired from his job, Clarence sets out to teach mankind that everyone can live life to the fullest if they are just willing to believe that they are gods. Soon, Clarence has progressed from street corner preacher to rock and roll idol shucking his suit and tie for a gold lame suit a la Elvis. Shucking his wife and children as well, Clarence opts for females any age including some who are woefully prepubescent. As Clarence's following grows larger, he drops his name for God's, dresses his acolytes in dark suits and ties and has the letter F (for follower) sewed on their jacket sleeves. Clarence, er . . . God, seems content to play the part of a successful rock & roll preacher, but when a disgraced political maven convinces God that he can find a bigger audience in the White House, he decides to run for President.

Normally poor shooting and editing would be a liability, but here it endows the proceedings with a seedy air of reality. The curiously aloof performance of Carey is cleverly accentuated by placing his lopsided features and watery eyes constantly at screen center in tight close-ups. And the script, also co-written by Timothy, is replete with absurdist takes on Nitzchean philosophy and nicely underscored by Frank Zappa's disturbingly modernist soundtrack.

Arise
The Church of the Subgenius (1989/1992)



Tired of working for a grinning buffoon who pays you only a fraction of your worth? Frustrated at having to come home to a spouse who grows alarmingly bigger every day and seems to have lost all interest in sex? Feel as if you are being manipulated by an insane and vengeful puppeteer in a travesty designed solely for the purpose of degrading and destroying you?

Well, if you answered yes to any of the above, then The Church of the Subgenius has a message for you. It is the Slack Gospel according to Bob Dobbs which says unto those who will listen that the secret of life is to make mountains of money with as little effort as possible. And if you have to make a lot of effort, then you're probably doing something wrong. In other words: STOP BEING EXPLOITED AND START EXPLOITING! Oh yes, I know, you're saying to yourself at this point: "Exploiting? Isn't that a terrible thing to do to somebody?" No, no it isn't, you foolish acolyte of the morally bankrupt, hideously hidebound and insidiously inane Judeo-Christian ethic. An ethic that teaches you to sit still while your government taxes you to death and sends your children to die in cities whose names they cannot even pronounce and gives you as a reward for your pathetic obeisance: the Super Bowl! Use these individuals for your own ends, treat them like dust unto your feet, for they are the dead who walk.

Go ahead and take their money, kick these insensate beings in the teeth; they won't feel a thing. Soon you will have a mountain of money in which to frolic and many new and interesting friends to help you spend it. What kind of friends? Well, people like yourself, people who communicate with aliens and worship money, people who do not work so they might live but who live so they may play. Reverend Dobbs calls these people: Subgeniuses.

But why am I telling you this? You read *Brutarian* which has been heartily endorsed by the Church as "crucial to your understanding," which means that you have in all likelihood long since mutated into a Subgenius although you may not know it yet. For you, the hysterically funny *Arise* video will merely confirm what you already know to be true: all information disclosed by authority IS WRONG and all activity that feels like work must BE ABANDONED. With knowledge comes irresponsibility, buy this video and send it to your parents. It will help them UNDERSTAND you and give them second thoughts about writing you out of their will.

The Hitman
(d) aaron norris (1991)

In an effort to reverse his box office fortunes of late, Chuck Norris shucks off his image as the Pat Boone of the karate world and gets down and dirty. How dirty? Well here he plays a hitman, a contract killer for the mob. In other words, he kills people for money and doesn't care whether they're upstanding citizens or evil scumbags. Oh sure, Chuck's nice to the neighborhood kids but when someone pisses him off, he blows them away with his trusty sawed-off, often when it isn't at all necessary. Chuck actually enjoys killing people, and as they're lying there with their guts decorating the walls, Chuck adds insult to mortal injury by calling them things like "asshole." Yes, Chuck Norris actually curses in this flick. Not once but several times - never in front of the kids of course. And he dresses in nothing but black even on his days off, and as we all know, unless you're Johnny Cash no one but bad, very bad people dress solely in black.

The story has something to do with Chuck seeking to avenge a set-up by a rogue cop (nicely played by Michael Parks) in the employ of the mob, but you won't care about that. What you will care about is the impressive body count Chuck racks up in a variety of novel and sanguinary ways. And the conclusion, in which Parks gets his richly deserved payback, will literally blow you out of your seats.

But perhaps the most impressive thing about *The Hitman* is its direction. I saw the last Aaron Norris film, *Delta Force Part 374* or whatever, and I feel I can safely say without fear of contradiction, that the man who made that laughable flick is not the same man behind the lens here. For one thing, the mind at work is far too well schooled in noirish atmospherics. Most of the interior scenes are ominously lit in cool blues and soothing shades of black which are utilized to blanket much of a character's physiognomy. Someone is always stepping out of the shadows but all you see is a half lit face, a shoe or a gun.

The exteriors, as in so many noir films, literally glisten in water, many pools of which gleam with the refracted light of neon signs and high density arc lamps. In effect, the lighting is given an emphasis almost equal to that of the actors creating a fatalistic tone mirroring the cynical and embittered persona of Norris. There is also a firm grasp of narrative and a firmer grip on the performances: there are few extraneous moments and fewer false notes struck, especially on the part of the star, normally one of most wooden of actors.

The Hitman is a rarity in action genre inasmuch as it is a film that is both terrifically exciting and visually elegant. Whoever this Aaron Norris guy is, I'll be anxiously awaiting his next effort, in whatever field he chooses to make it.

Even Hitler Had A Girlfriend

(d) ronnie cramer (1991)

But there's little chance of the protagonist of this amusing black comedy ever getting one. I mean this guy's social skills are so limited that he makes Gary Heidnik or Jeffrey Dahmer look like Cary Grant by comparison. Not that our hero - whose name is Marcus Templeton - is homicidal; it's just that he hasn't a clue as to how to treat a girl. When his mother sets him up with an older woman from her church, Marcus doesn't ask her if she wants a drink, or whether she's read any good books lately; he asks if he can feel her breasts. And when Marcus does manage to bring himself to ask a lady for a date, its not to go to a movie or to a restaurant but to his aunt's funeral or to a convenience store to get some of those delicious plastic wrapped sandwiches that have been marked down to a dollar fifty. Part of the explanation for Marcus' behavior is that he works nights as a security guard and thus doesn't get the opportunity to socialize. Another reason for our hero's social retardation is his total immersion in an erotic world of fantasy. You see, Marcus refuses to watch anything but the triple X cable channel or soft core horror films or to "read" anything other than pornographic magazines. Of course none of this would matter if Marcus looked vaguely human. As you may have guessed by now, this sap isn't the best looking guy in the world. He's barely 5'8, weighs well over two hundred pounds and overall, sports a look of dull, insipid stupefaction. Imagine a racoon on a bender and you've got Marcus.

Even humanoids get lonely after awhile, and so overcoming his fear of rejection, Marcus begins to lavishly spend his money on local call girls. On his initial encounters, Marcus tapes his conversations, but when the novelty of that wears off, he sets up a video camera in his bedroom completely unconcerned that his "dates" may not take so kindly to being surreptitiously recorded for posterity. When a paranoid prostitute discovers his shabby set-up, the hapless Marcus finds himself staring down the barrel of a gun.

Boasting a surprisingly witty and mordant screenplay, *Hitler* cleverly utilizes voice over narration to disguise its modest production values. The acting is a little amateurish at times but, Andren Scott is quite convincing in the part of the pathetic Marcus. Shambling through the hallways of his house in his underwear and socks, speaking to us in an exhausted, childishly peevish tone, Scott turns the neat trick of making Marcus something of a paradox: irritating yet sympathetic; frightening yet soothingly banal. He's an obese manchild walking a fine line between catatonic withdrawal and spirited assertiveness. Cramer, who also directed the crime drama *Back Street Jane*, has done a nice job of editing and pacing and has assembled a gorgeous cast of cuties to appear in various states of dishabille. So luscious are the women that I seriously doubt most men will notice the film's moodily playful score which comes courtesy of Alarming Trends, a rock group which Cramer founded and for whom he plays lead guitar. (Available from Scorched Earth).



Even Hitler Had A Girlfriend

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The Violent Years

(d) ed wood, jr. (1956)



This girl-gang potboiler is a relatively obscure opus in the canon of a man generally acknowledged as the world's worst director. Although Wood is only credited with the screenplay, the film's delirious mixture of banality, pomposity and sententiousness makes it highly suspect that anybody but Wood was at the helm of this project.

Wood's laughable script is ostensibly a morality play concerning four adolescent female delinquents who, as described by one of the cops assigned to their case, "aren't just kids but . . . MORONS!" And judging from the way these girl's operate you'd be forced to concur with this opinion. Led by a busty blonde named Paula, these pubescent punks openly assault people on the highway, knock over gas stations while using Paula's parent's car and - for a change of pace - battle with the cops at the local high school. The most memorable moment in the gang's reign of error occurs when a "pretty boy" is abducted from his car and gang-raped (which is really a lucky break for him since the girl with

whom he was parked was buttoned up tighter than a whore on payday).

Inasmuch as this is a cautionary tale, these renegade retards are eventually hunted down and killed. Two members of the gang are killed in the aforementioned shoot out with the cops, one dies in a car crash while fleeing from the police, and Paula, the leader, has to suffer the ultimate indignity: shucking off the mortal coil while giving birth in prison to a bastard child. (A brazen bitch to the end, Paula's last words are: "So what?"). Society has secured retribution but the question remains: What led these beautiful bimbos to a life of crime? Wood has a profound answer to this question, an answer he feels is the explanation for any youngster dawdling on the road of delinquency: "uncontrolled passions" ignored by parents who place the needs of the community above the interests of their children. Right.

This is a preposterous notion, but like all Wood's films, the premise has little to do with what we actually see on screen. Adolescents whose parents are stable and loving do not run off to kill policemen as soon as mom and dad leave for work; they do not invite small time criminals home for parties when left alone for a few hours, and they do not don prostitute's attire once school lets out. Or do they?

Wood would like us to believe that these gals are just ordinary disaffected teenagers desperately pleading for attention. His solution to this agonized adolescent angst? No, not increased parental supervision or professional counseling (in a Wood film always expect the implausible) but a return to "religion . . . and other moral laws laid down by the great religions." Uhhh . . . right Ed, and Jews, Christians and Muslims have never had any problem seeing eye to eye.

Ed Wood Jr.'s films are often dismissed by faux intellectuals as unworthy or unwatchable. These philistines want "intelligence," what Tristan Tzara called "the triumph of sound education and pragmatism." "Fortunately," continues Tzara, "life is something else and its pleasures innumerable." So too is the cinematic netherworld of Wood; it is truly "something else," a realm full of "innumerable pleasures" wherein the plausible is constantly jeopardized by the improbable, logic is forced to do battle with absurdity and the sublime is consistently routed by the ridiculous.

by Randy Palmer

Naked Lunch (d) david cronenberg (1991)

Like *Dead Ringers*, David Cronenberg's "adaptation" of William S. Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* is dry and dusty. The moistness of *The Fly* and *Scanners* takes a back seat here.

Not that that's a bad thing. Splashy effects worked well in those previous Cronenberg efforts, especially *Videodrome*, but what the director is trying to do with *Naked Lunch* almost necessitates a willingness to subdue the obvious. When Bill Lee (Burroughs' "alter ego," portrayed by Peter Weller) shoots a little too much dope and visualizes the writing process as head-to-head combat with a talking typewriter that's also part insect, we aren't smacked in the face with a seltzer-bottle spray of goo and hemoglobin, as one might expect from Cronenberg. We see it "dry." Exactly like the writing process.

No one who's read *Naked Lunch* is going to believe that anyone could bring it to the movie screen without reinventing cinema itself. Cronenberg knew that and didn't try, because his *Naked Lunch* takes a peek at Burroughs' life while he's planning to write the book. Yes, there are some "bits" from the book, some presented only verbally via Weller's lines, and yes, there is plenty of outrageousness (which is, after all, the *spirit* of the book). But no, it *isn't* what you thought you were going to get to see.

When pest-exterminator Lee discovers his wife's hooked on "bug powder," he decides to try some himself. Pretty soon the pair are diverting the powder from the manufacturer to supply their own habits, Bill begins experiencing some pretty vivid hallucinations, and before long the line between reality and unreality dissolves completely. In that sense, *Naked Lunch* treads *Videodrome* territory but audiences seem to have no problem with it here. (Many *Videodrome* viewers felt stymied by that film's purely subjective point of view).

Lee finds himself in a territory called "Interzone" after a domestic mishap triggers a run from authorities. It's in Interzone that Lee begins to unravel a Big-Brother-like plot involving agents and double-agents and the lunatic fringe. But really, it's not exactly a plot. It's more of a mind game. Soon, poor Bill Lee doesn't know what to believe. So he takes the easy way out... and shoots up more bug powder.



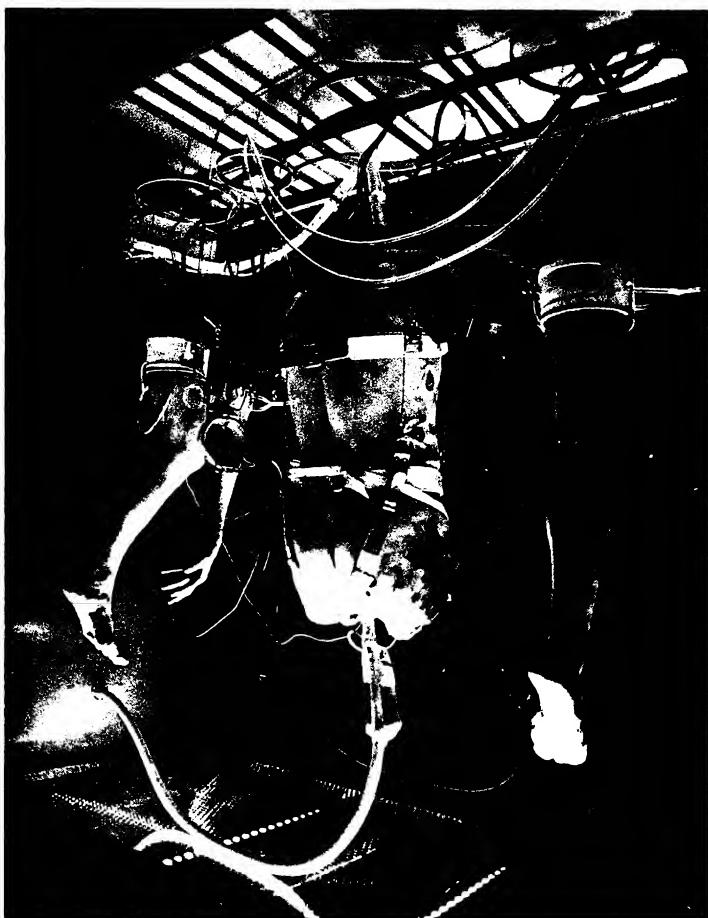
When all is said and done, *Naked Lunch* is typical Cronenberg. Using events in Burroughs' life as jumping off points, the director ushers the character of Bill Lee through a complicated series of interludes with bizarre characters (everyone, it seems, has some major problems in their lives, like getting hooked on shooting up powdered insect poison), jumping from one set piece to another and back again. Yet the film flows smoothly. It's not difficult to follow. It's funny. It's sad. And it's horrific.

The images Cronenberg has wrought for *Naked Lunch* linger long after the fade out: the typewriter-beetle scurrying across a desk top, speaking to Bill Lee from an anal-like orifice located just beneath its wingspread; a homosexual union that ends with the dominant male metamorphosing into a half-human/half-centipede as it ravishes its agonized partner; the narcotic manufacturing Mugwump that drips intoxicating goo from hollow, finger-like extensions that sprout from its head. Yet the image that lasts longest is the one that involves the least amount of visual trickery: Lee and his wife Joan doing their "William Tell Routine" a tragic truth from Burroughs' life that finds its way into the film not just once, but twice.

But hey, in *Naked Lunch*, overkill is the name of the game.

Help Wanted Female (d) harold perkins (1964)

A story within a story within a story without a point and one of the wildest sixties nudes you'll ever see. An aging playboy hires hookers to strip for him while he regales them with tales of a sordid past involving torture, murder and mayhem. When one of his hirelings becomes frightened, she konks the ripening roue on the head and runs to her lesbian lover, a karate teacher, for protection. The middle aged masher proves to be more than a match for the lethal lesbian however, and takes her out in short order. The titanic battle between the two has the curious effect of turning them both on, and so, the seemingly mismatched duo return to the senior swinger's pad where the mannish girl does a Salome type dance and then stabs our ravished Romeo when he allows his guard to drop. Our lascivious libertine awakes to find it has all been a bad dream, but when he picks up a knife and goes after his virago of a wife, we realize that for this poor pot-bellied profligate his nightmares are actually preferable to the "reality" that is his lot. A hateful, misogynistic film, filled with seemingly unending scenes of undulating buttocks, heaving breasts and surprisingly disturbing violence. (Available from Something Weird Video).



Body Parts

Body Parts (d) eric red (1991)

So what would you do if you were told that your spouse had just had an arm severed in a horrendous traffic accident and that unless you gave permission for the hospital to attach the arm of a recently executed killer your mate would never be doing any two-fisted drinking again? Of course . . . you'd say no and not because the proffered arm looked like something you'd pull out of a barrel at a pig-picking. No, you'd refuse to give your assent because the surgeon (Lindsey Duncan) heading the team on this "experimental" operation has that severe and fastidious look you always see on mad doctors in horror movies. But of course there wouldn't be a movie if the okay wasn't given and so, no sooner is the arm attached than we find our star Bill (Jeff Fahey), a sociologist at a local university, returning home to his wife and kids only slightly the worse wear (well his arm still looks something like a dead tree limb but everyone is too polite to tell him so). Bill quickly comes to realize however, that he is much the worse for wear what with these terribly violent dreams he begins having and with his newly attached limb seeming to take on a life of its own. When the arm viciously backhands one of his kids and then tries to strangle his wife, Bill moves into a downtown motel and attempts to find some answers. What he finds, is a deranged surgeon who doesn't give a damn about his problems and two other men experiencing similar difficulties with limbs grafted from the same killer. Bill forms an impromptu support group with these guys, but after a few sessions, the group has to be dissolved inasmuch as Bill is its only living member. Yes, Bill's newfound friends have been murdered, their donated appendages hacked and pulled off, and unless he can come up with some answers pretty quick, he's likely to join his compatriots on a slab at the city morgue. *Body Parts* suffers from a trite and rather unoriginal script and languid pacing, especially in the first half, but the patient viewer will be rewarded for going the distance with some fine performances - notably Brad Douriff's loopy turn as a good natured but slightly demented painter - scenes of gruesome violence and frenzied action that are nicely shot and staged and a denouement, that while totally expected, will nevertheless elicit the harsh croak of jaded laughter from even the most cynical of horror enthusiasts.

Moonshine Mountain

(d) h. g. lewis (1964)

Mr. Lewis is something of an anomaly among exploitation directors inasmuch as he never attempts to tart up his impoverished productions to make them look like anything other than the shoddy piece of nonsense they are. Protestations to the contrary, Lewis' notions of filmmaking eschew such concepts as discipline and craft and allow him to claim that his limitations are rules, his banal observations dexterities, his timidities vision and his impoverished imagination a kind of purity. In films such as *Moonshine Mountain*, these fraudulent assertions are made with such contemptuous brio that only a boor could take exception to them.

Moonshine is the story of wealthy folk singer and guitar picker Doug Martin and his adventures with a family of bootleggers in a primitive southern backwater. Doug has deliberately sought out the rural and hidebound town of Stewartsville hoping that it might serve as inspiration for his attenuated muse. What Doug finds is an atavistic community populated by cretins, blackguards and thieves, but because the aforementioned bootlegging family takes a liking to Doug - thanks to his "purty singin'" - he comes through his harrowing ordeals intact and with new found inspiration in the form of a "lovely" hillbilly wife.

Lewis claims he made this film because he loved the music. Don't you believe him; Lewis made *Moonshine* for money and as a slap in the face to the very audience that supported his pictures: frequenters of southern drive-ins. The musical as well as the dramatic performances are awful, the dialogue puerile enough to make Ed Wood Jr. wince, the cast, with almost no exception, one of the most unattractive in recent memory. In sum, *Moonshine* is one of Lewis' most remarkable audacities and that, it almost goes without saying, makes the film sublime.

Inner Sanctum

(d) fred olen ray (1991)

Sleazy, stupid and senseless, *Inner Sanctum* finds Fred Olen Ray, producer and director of forgetable low budget potboilers (*Beverly Hills Vampire*, *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*) in possession of a film that has even the most jaded exploitation aficionados buzzing. And Fred's done it the old fashioned way, not with gore, but with soft-core sex and nudity.

Forget the silly plot about a husband who may or may not be plotting with a nurse he has hired to kill his psychosomatically paralyzed wife; it's just a framing device for a number of incredibly lubricous love making scenes involving a fully nude Joseph Bottoms and some moron named Bret Clark coupling with either Tanya Roberts or Margaux Hemingway (looking like a badly aging Joan Crawford in a blonde fright wig). And for those not interested in seeing fading thespians, there are the "performances" of Roberts and Hemingway. These gals have obviously long ago come to grips with the fact that they have little talent (Margaux's overbite makes it almost impossible for her to enunciate and Tanya doesn't even attempt to) and that everyone with even a modicum of intelligence knows this, so they don't even try to emote; instead they celebrate the fact that they are still relatively young and relatively attractive by humping and gyrating in wild abandon. After awhile you'll feel like a peeper at a casting party, but isn't that what movies like this are all about? So don't feel guilty, get a couple of six packs, a jar of vaseline, take off your clothes, pop in the film (the unrated version of course) and get ready to work that body.



Moonshine Mountain

by Randy Palmer

A Bucket of Blood (d) roger corman (1959)

Think of a Roger Corman horror-comedy and chances are good that the title *Little Shop of Horrors* will spring to mind. While that film has a lot to offer - including that marvelous cameo by Jack Nicholson - its revitalized success eclipsed a couple of other minor Corman oddities.

A Bucket of Blood went out with *Attack of the Giant Leeches* as part of a 1959 double feature from American International and was one of the first AIP combos that failed to make much of an impact at the bucks office. In answer to the modest returns from this investment, within a year AIP began producing bigger-budgeted color pictures like *House of Usher*, re-establishing their dominance of the horror market throughout the sixties.

But before Corman married Poe in the AIP chapel, the director managed to squeeze out a total of three black comedies between 1959 and 1960. *A Bucket of Blood* was the first - and possibly the best.

Taking a cue from *Mystery of the Wax Museum* and its remake, *House of Wax*, scriptwriter Chuck Griffith provides all the trappings of horror within a comedic framework. Actor Dick Miller - in the quintessential Dick Miller role - has a fiendish field day as Walter Paisley, the schmucky busboy of a beatnik coffee house called The Yellow Door (the original title of Griffith's screenplay). In his attempt to emulate the Door's pretentiously artistic clientele whom he idolizes, Paisley covers a dead cat with modeling clay and successfully passes it off as an original sculpture. With his newly acquired popularity as the catalyst, Paisley is soon murdering/sculpting a variety of "pieces." There's a marvelous sequence where Paisley gleefully presents a smaller work to his boss, Leonard De Santis (Anthony Carbone), the owner of the Door. "You . . . you made a bust?" moans De Santis, who knows the secret behind Paisley's methods.

Much of the film's humor - as well as a surprising amount of pathos - stems from Miller's standout portrayal of a lonely and tortured man whose desperate desire to be accepted by society turns him against those very persons whose friendship he purportedly cherishes. But don't misunderstand me, *A Bucket of Blood* is first and foremost a black comedy. A cheap one, admittedly - but a damn good one!

The Little Shop of Horrors (d) roger corman (1960)

by Randy Palmer

Little more than a year after making *A Bucket of Blood*, Roger Corman directed his second horror-comedy. Legend has it that Corman made this picture as a bet. The wager being that he could pull something together in two and a half days and actually have the film make sense.

Actually, Corman lucked into acquiring a standing film set for free, and he asked screenwriter Chuck Griffith to come up with some kind of story to fit it. Using the stage set, Corman filmed for two days while a number of exteriors were shot by Griffith and the second unit over the course of several nights. When it was all pieced together, we got *The Little Shop of Horrors*.

Whereas *A Bucket of Blood* balanced its titters with terror fairly evenly, *Little Shop* goes for the guffaws in nearly every scene, relegating the fear factor to a minimum. Consequently, without the need for generating suspense, mood or scares, Corman's film benefits from a relaxed atmosphere where the usual limitations of low budget filmmaking actually aid the zaniness of the goings-on!

Jonathan Haze is memorable as Seymour Krelboing, another "schmucky" role that seems tailored for Dick Miller (Walter Paisley in *Bucket*). Seymour, who works for a skid row florist, crossbreeds a buttercup with a Venus Fly-Trap and produces the man-eating "Audrey, Jr.," named after his best girl (Jackie Joseph). Using the peculiar looking plant as a public relations attraction is Gravis Mushnik (Mel Welles), who - like Leonard De Santis in *Bucket of Blood* - discovers the evil truth behind his employee's botanical triumph but does nothing to stop the bloodshed. Following the earlier film's lead, Mushnik survives the proceedings with only his conscience left to deal with at the conclusion, while Seymour becomes the final victim of his own creation.

Obviously the framework of both pictures are nearly identical, but there is certainly no confusing the two. *Little Shop* is wacky, wild and wily. Jack Nicholson's brief bit as a pain-junkie who loves to get drilled by his dentist is probably the film's best moment (repeated in the 1988 remake with Bill Murray in the role), but there's other humorous highlights as well, including a sequence where an armed robber is disarmed by Audrey, Jr. (The robber is played by scripter Chuck Griffith).

For years *The Little Shop of Horrors* remained an obscure, rarely-televised movie title that only horror movie and Roger Corman fans seemed to know about. But the early eighties off-Broadway musical adaptation, followed by a colorful, big-budget remake, rescued Corman's original from the video wasteland. The film can be found in virtually any video rental outlet in both black and white and colorized versions. Or you can buy your own copy for about ten dollars - a significant portion of the film's budget!

by Randy Palmer

Creature From The Haunted Sea

(d) roger corman (1961)

Less memorable than either of the preceding films is Corman's third horror "spoof," *Creature From The Haunted Sea*. Made in 1959 but unreleased until 1961, the film rapidly faded into obscurity, rarely surfacing on local TV stations running the mid-sixties *Chiller Theatre* package. It's available on videotape but running it down is often difficult.

Anthony Carbone plays Renzo Capeto, a small time underworld mafia type who, for the right price, agrees to help a band of revolutionists escape from their Caribbean island with the National Treasury. However, once they're seaborne, Capeto decides to do away with the revolutionists and steal the loot. He conspires with his girlfriend, Mary-Belle (Betsy Jones Moreland), and her brother Jack (Robert Bean) to systematically kill off the men and blame their deaths on a sea monster which purportedly lurks below the depths. Capeto is more than a little surprised when he learns that there is a

real monster nearby and the deaths don't have to be faked after all!

Creature from the Haunted Sea suffers from murky photography and poor location sound, making the film difficult to sit through. Its scant sixty-three minute running time seems too long anyway, mainly because this Corman film lacks the luster of even the very illustrious *Bucket of Blood*!

But the major problem with *Creature* is Chuck Griffith's screenplay: it just isn't very funny. Perhaps Griffith felt he was running low on horror-comedy routines, or maybe, because Corman reportedly gave him just one week to write the script, Griffith was too rushed to develop anything really worthwhile.

Whatever the reason, *Creature* is notable only because it concluded a trilogy of black comedies begun by Corman in 1959 with the aforementioned *Bucket of Blood*. A rental will nab you a few chuckles, but not much else. It's really for Corman completists only.

Watch it and weep.



A Bucket Of Blood

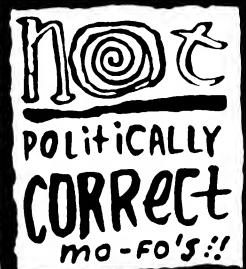


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The Freakmaker aka The Mutations

(d) jack cardiff (1974)

When Donald Pleasance is starring in a horror film, you can be fairly certain the pic is gonna be worth your while. Maybe it won't be a classic, but it sure as shit ain't gonna be no bow-wow, either.

The Freakmaker is an unusual little picture hampered by restrictive production values that make the finished product appear cheap and more than a bit rushed, but the film is captivating in spite of this, due in large part to the script co-authored by Robert D. Weinbach and Edward Mann. These guys may not be able to write dialogue, but their ability to take a potentially objectionable idea and turn it into something palatable augers well for future collaborations.

Pleasance plays Dr. Nater, the "ghetto doctor," a scientific sort preoccupied with the idea of combining plant and animal cells to trigger biological mutations, accelerating evolution in the process. Of course, nothing works out as planned, and

Pleasance ends up surrounded by a monstrous menagerie of mutated misfits who harbor hatred deep in their malformed little hearts. Then again, how could it, with Nater believing his crowning "achievement" to be a combination of a human being and a giant Venus fly trap?

The late Michael Dunn, veteran of numerous celluloid chillers that called for the services of a (usually malevolent) dwarf, has a memorable role here as the manager of a traveling carnival of freaks. (The freaks are real, playing themselves, as many other special show-biz people did in Tod Browning's classic, *Freaks*.) With his cohort Lynch (Tom Baker), a horribly disfigured giant of a man, the pair supply experimental subjects to Nater in the hope that he will eventually uncover a means of restoring them to normalcy.



The Freakmaker owes more to its predecessor than just the idea of employing real life freaks to propel the story forward. In one particular scene, cribbed from Browning, a posse of freaks, their switchblades clicking, their eyes glaring, pursue their victim on a rain swept night. Whether intended by director (*Naked Under Leather*) Cardiff and his screenwriters as a tribute or a rip-off, it doesn't really matter. What counts is effectiveness: that's the bottom line. And in that respect, *The Freakmaker* has tied up all loose ends nicely.

The Art Of Dying

(d) wings hauser (1991)

Wings Hauser finally getting tired of headlining laughably inconsequential grade zero action adventure flicks takes over the directing chores for . . . a laughable and inconsequential action adventure flick. Except in this case, the picture is sicker, far sicker than anything Wings and maybe anyone else working the back lots of American cinema has made in quite some time.

Wings stars as a sociopathic cop on the trail of a gay male couple who are making an underground movie that appears to consist entirely of reenactments of some of the more shocking scenes in classic American films. We are shown beautiful recreations of the shower scene from *Psycho*, the Russian roulette bit from *Deer Hunter*, the chain saw carvings from *Scarface* and much more. Our gay blades have thrown the actors they have recruited

something of a curve however: real chainsaws, bullets and knives are being used.

Wings being a stand-up kind of guy simply won't tolerate these kind of hi-jinx on his beat, so he takes it upon himself to track down these homeopathic homos. Unfortunately, Wings has a few problems of his own - primarily the penchant for murdering every possible informant - and a number of promising thespians are offed before Wings wraps up all loose ends. Before he does, males, females, she-males and who knows what else are gutted in all manner of gruesome ways. For those cineastes who ask nothing more from an evening's entertainment than homophobia, hateful dialogue and innovative evisceration, *The Art Of Dying* will come as something of a revelation.

Whore

(d) ken russell (1991)

Our policy at this magazine is not to bother with dreadful films unless they have: (a) something redeeming in their awfulness, some purity of essence or vision a la Ed Wood, Jr; (b) generated a lot of controversy or outraged some segment of society; or (c) no reason for existing other than as fodder for cheap jokes. The intellectually feeble and aesthetically bankrupt *Whore* clearly falls into category (c) since there is nothing of worth to be found in its 100 or so odd minutes of running time and as it was seen by almost no one and therefore never had the chance to arouse much debate in any quarter. And because I love cheap jokes, I am going to attempt to amuse you by listing some of the spurious reasons for renting this execrable work:

- 1) As the titular heroine, Theresa Russell gives one of the worst performances in recent memory. Running the gamut of emotion from A to B, the marginally talented Theresa is so awful that she makes Tanya Roberts look like Jessica Tandy by comparison.
- 2) The film boasts the most laughable pimp in recent memory, a skinny, red-headed white guy who must be all of 105 pounds soaking wet. Why the hefty Theresa is afraid of this guy is a mystery to me. She's got him by at least thirty pounds.
- 3) It's at least two hours shorter than the only other film with "whore" in its title, Jean Eustache's legendary talkathon *The Mother And The Whore*.
- 4) Ken Russell actually seems to think gang rape and forcible sodomy is the stuff that provokes laughter. Rumor has it that Ken's next assignment will be directing snuff films for the mob.
- 5) You get to see Theresa wear ridiculous outfits with zippers in all manner of outrageous places and a few shots of her oddly shaped breasts and her wide, flat, impossibly white ass.
- 6) Antonio Fargas plays a Rastafarian street person who smokes massive quantities of dope in public places and never gets busted. Functioning as something of a Father-confessor to the addle-pated Theresa, he advises her from somewhere beneath the ever present cloud of ganja smoke that there is nothing wrong with being a whore, it is the pimps that are giving the profession a bum rap.
- 7) Russell asks you to believe that a high class pimp, knowing Theresa is a prostitute, would wine and dine her for over a year then put her out on the streets to turn fifty dollar tricks.
- 8) Theresa is consistently allowed to step out of the narrative and philosophize about subjects such as blow jobs, penis size and talking dirty. This is known in the theater as the Brechtian alienation effect.
- 9) It is not Russell's worst film, the stupifyingly boring *Gothic* is far more difficult to sit through. *Whore* is never boring. Callous, misogynistic and calculatingly inane yes, but never boring.
- 10) At the very least, *Whore* is educational. Watching it you learn things like, well, like classy ladies of the evening don't wear panties when they're on the night shift and they never flash a potential customer and they never, ever work the same side of the street on which a wino is vomiting. I bet you didn't know any of this, did you? I bet you also never really cared about it one way or the other.

I could probably come up with half a dozen more reasons for watching this disaster, but I think the trick to *Whore* is paying for it yourself and then trying to come up with your own excuses.

Tetsuo: The Iron Man

(d) shinya tsukamoto (1991)

Tetsuo opens with a slobbering man in rags cutting deeply into his thigh and inserting an iron rod. Then the film gets gruesome. There is no story really, no narrative, no plot; Tsukamoto has fashioned a horrifying industrial delirium, a phantasmagoria with the city as abandoned factory where citizens slowly transmogrify into metallic monstrosities leaking oil and radiator fluid. To attempt to describe the film as anything other than a continuous series of hallucinations would be to do it a disservice; *Tetsuo* has been purposefully designed to provoke and to bewilder, to arouse and to anger. There's no rhyme or reason to any of it. Call it I Gobot. Call it anything you want; these dreadful images will continue to haunt you: a woman's hand mutating into a deadly chromium claw, a face rotting away to reveal a mass of twisted wires and misshapen metal, a penis metamorphosing into a huge power drill which skewers a beautiful woman who attempts to make love to it. And on and on until your virtually screaming for release.

That *Tetsuo* works as well (or as insidiously) as it does is largely a testament to brilliant editing which effectively employs multiple exposures, stop action and accelerated motion photography and mind numbingly swift intercutting. Effective too are the nauseatingly realistic mutant apocalyptic metal and rubber costumes and the gloppy claymation sequences. Shot on 16 mm in black and white, the film also benefits from a lighting scheme that seems to bathe everything in a crepuscular and sooty light.

Some critics contend that with *Tetsuo*, Tsukamoto is making some sort of statement concerning post modern day industrial society's dehumanizing effect on individual consciousness, but there is really nothing in this disturbing dreamscape to support this. If the film is "about" anything, it's about dreams and consciousness and how each infuses and informs the other. Sometimes a meditation on this interrelationship can give rise to works of great beauty; in the case of *Tetsuo*, it has resulted in a sordid and disturbing nightmare.

A Smell of Honey, A Swallow of Brine

(d) byron elliott (1966)

One of David Friedman's favorite films, this roughie - a nudie flick with snatches of sadism and violence - was written for curvaceous star Stacey Walker whom Friedman met while filming *Fanny Hill*. An overheated tale of a psychopathic femme fatale who likes to get men and women all hot and bothered and then scream rape at the moment of crisis, *Honey* is sure to please both masturbators and hardened sadists. The aforementioned Stacey Walker, while not a classic beauty, has an indefinable *je ne sais quoi* that gives Friedman's outrageous screenplay a needed air of believability. Direction, acting and

cinematography are little more than mediocre, but the ubiquitous nudity and the film's overall air of idiot depravity are more than adequate recompense. And what of the climax, in which Walker receives her poetic comeuppance at the hands of a cool teenbeat singer? Are we to say that for a sociopathic female it is just a matter of time until she realizes her destiny, until she finds a firm hand to push her onto the path of prostitution? The beauty of *Honey* is that concerns such as this are irrelevant, if thou goest to meet woman one brings not questions but a whip. (Available from Something Weird Video).



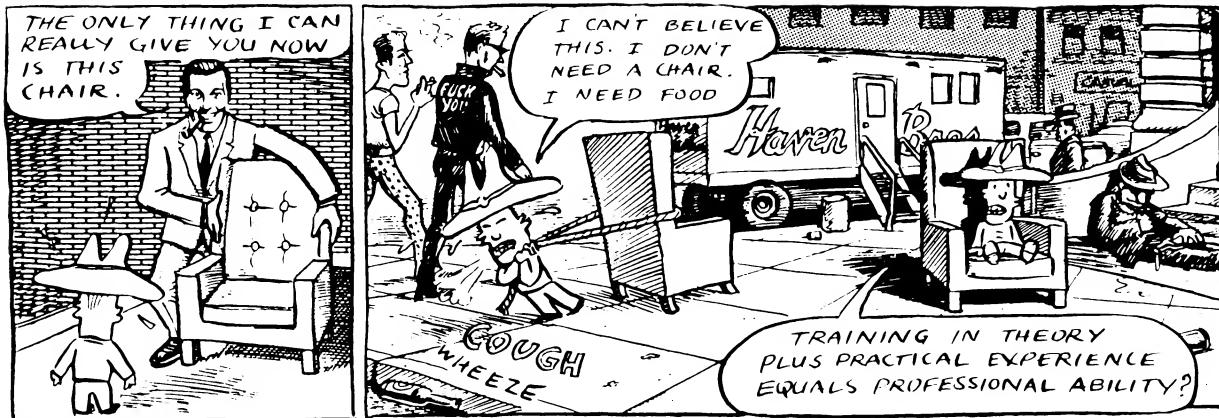
A Smell Of Honey, A Swallow Of Brine

STEVEN — BY DOUG ALLEN



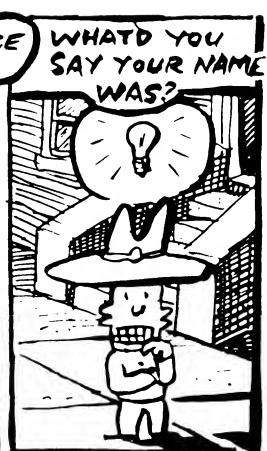
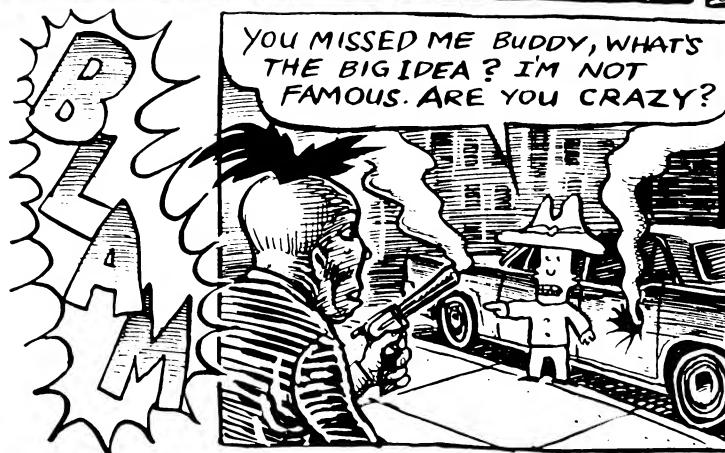
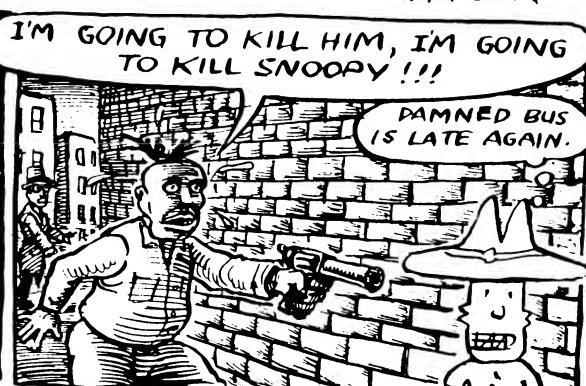
THERE IS NO
REASON WHY
YOU SHOULD
NOT BE ABLE
TO GET A
HIGH PAYING
JOB

TRAINING IN THEORY
+ PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE
= PROFESSIONAL ABILITY



STEVEN'S ASSASSINATION

©1981 DOUG ALLEN



STEVEN

BY DOUG ALLEN ©

OKAY, SO WE GO WITH THIS NEW DESIGN FOR STEVEN AND LAUNCH THE "INDUSTRIAL SAFETY" CAMPAIGN. AND STEVEN SAYS, "ACCIDENTS ARE NO FUN, ASK THE MAN WHO HAD ONE!"

YES, SUPER, I LIKE IT!

THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS

INDUSTRIAL SAFETY

OKAY, STAY RIGHT THERE AND READ THE CUE CARDS

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, STEVEN? GET OUT OF THIS STUDIO AT ONCE!

WE CAME TO TEACH YOU A LITTLE ABOUT INDUSTRIAL SAFETY

STEVEN

BY DOUG ALLEN © 82

JEESIS IT'S HOT!

SHUT UP

I CAN'T TAKE THIS HEAT ANY MORE!

SHUT UP YOU FAT LARD THING

CLANG CLANG

SNAP-E-TOM'S RI

HOW YA DOIN?

YOU GOT ANY BEER

NO ICE CREAM?

WHAT DO YOU HAVE?

NO

REFRESH BN

ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS SPICY BLOODY MARY MIX

IS IT COLD?

OF COURSE NOT

I HATE YOU.

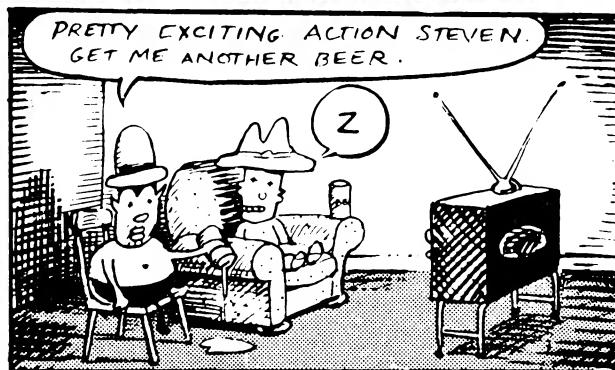
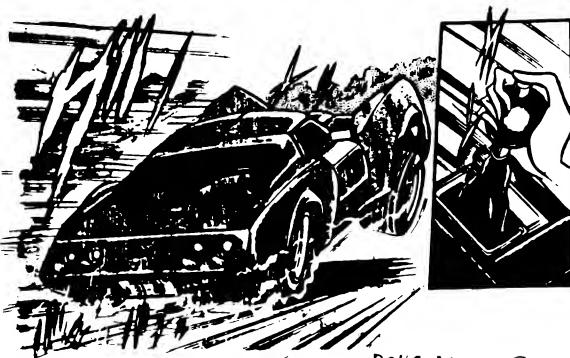
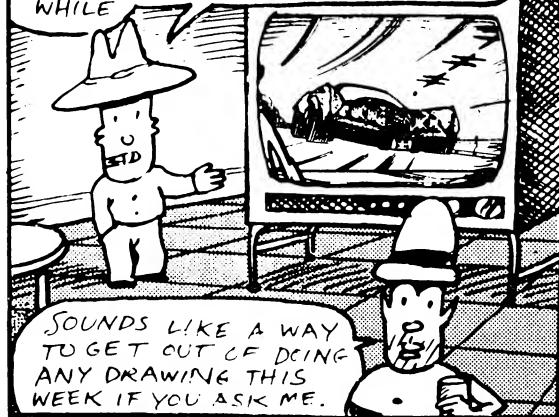
THE NERVE OF THE GUY, UNBELIEVABLE

WHO WOULD BUY HOT BLOODY MARY MIX?

SPICY

STEVEN

A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN COMPLAINING THAT
THER ISN'T ENOUGH "ACTION" IN
THIS COMIC, SO I THOUGHT I'D
JUST TURN THE T.V. ON FOR A
WHILE



DOUG ALLEN © 83

STEVEN IN MINDLESS BOREDOM

BY DOUG ALLEN



HEY MR. OWL P.H.D. GOT ANY MONEY FOR BEER?

YOU'RE SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE FOR ALL THE KIDS WHO...

SHUT UP AND BEAT IT THEN YOU OLD HOOTER



...READ THIS COMIC STRIP. YOU HAVE A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY

YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY YOUNG MAN!

FIGHT, FIGHT

THE END

AUDIO

E
P
R
A
V
A
T
I
O
N

Hexx - Hexx

Adept admixture of death and speed metal spat out by a bunch of hoary veterans possessing a marvelously morbid lyrical sensibility and a heady sense of melody that makes bits of business like *Blood Hunter* and *Birds of Prey* almost (heaven forbid) catchy. Kudos to lead singer and guitarist Clint Bower for his kinesthetic depictions of death by nuclear bomb (*Fire Mushrooms*), death by drowning (*Watery Graves*), death by suicidal leap (*The Last Step*) and death by chemical bombardment (*Persecution Experience*). Available on Century Media Records, naturally.

Joe Clay - Ducktail

Way back in 1955, a Louisiana teenage rockabilly singer was poised on the edge of stardom. There were turns as opening act for Carl Perkins and Fats Domino, an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and finally a record contract with RCA. And . . . nothing happened. When Joe Clay is finally run down by a European concert promoter thirty years later, he's working as a school bus driver. Well, just like in the movies, Joe is flown overseas and finds himself playing to packed houses on the continent, and when he returns to the good ole U S of A, the advance word from the British press has him set up as a cult hero. Now, hard on the heels of Clay's new found success comes this CD release of the original Bear family LP: eleven of the greasiest, red-hot, white-trash rockabilly ravings ever committed to acetate. While clearly influenced by Presley, Clay's performances possess a rawer, more primitive quality. Listen to the abandoned stylings of *Get On The Right Track or You Look That Good To Me* and you'll see what I'm talking about, but like me you'll be hard pressed to explain why this guy never made it big. I'd like to have seen Elvis take a novelty tune like *Did You Mean Jelly Bean (What You Said Cabbage Head)* and put this much spontaneity and idiot passion into it. (Bear Family Records).

Various Artists - Time Will Show The Wiser

Interesting collection of obscurities from bands you've never heard of compiled by the editors of *Bucketful of Brains*, a magazine you've never read. I know, I know, you don't give a shit about any of this, you just want to know if I've discovered any bands worth checking out. Yeah, there are two: The Chills for their energetically tuneful thrash and The Bevis Frond for his/its demented neo-psychadelic guitar work. And, come to think of it, Thin White Rope and The Chemistry Set are starting to grow on me. (Triad Records).

Gang of Four - Mall

I've got this friend named Jerry and it seems that whatever I ask him about these days, whether it's a book he's just read, a record he's just purchased or a movie he's just seen, his response is almost invariably: "It wasn't bad." Which loosely translated means: "Dom, the damned thing just wasn't clever or interesting enough to engage my gargantuan intellect on any level." Now Jerry has always been a big fan of the Gang, even when they turned into a neo-disco band near the end of their first incarnation, so when he asks me whether I liked this thing I'm gonna say, "Jerry, it wasn't bad." Which from me means: "They've run out of ideas, just like you, you mar-maluke." (Warner Bros.)

James Carr - Take Me To The Limit

At last report this guy was a catatonic or non-ambulatory schizophrenic and here he is standing tall in a picture on the CD cover. If you don't know who Mr. Carr is, you should. He was, and if *Limit* isn't merely a result of some studio wizardry, still is, one of the world's great soul singers. Not all of the material is first rate, and some of the arrangements are rather hokey, but Carr sings his heart out and for those of us who thought he'd never record again given his medical record, that is enough. (Ace Records).

Alice In Chains - Facelift

Jesus, these guys sound great when you're fucked up on Glenfarclas (104 proof). I know a lot of this stuff will sound silly when I'm sober tomorrow, but I know even now, as I'm getting ready to run to the john, that cuts like *Man In The Box* and *Put You Down* are as good as grunge rock gets. Hell, as good as anything gets. And Layne Staley is one of the best frontmen I've heard in ages. (CBS Records).

Meathooks - Cambodia Soul Music

Winningly insane amalgamation of dada, grunge and industrial clamor. Well, I shouldn't say "winning" inasmuch as this *Soul Music* has absolutely NO commercial potential. But Meathooks know this and they know that the big time record companies know this and they know that you know this and they hate themselves, the industry and you for knowing this. Out of such malice . . . a terrible beauty appears to have been born. (Disastro Mix, Box 423, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159).

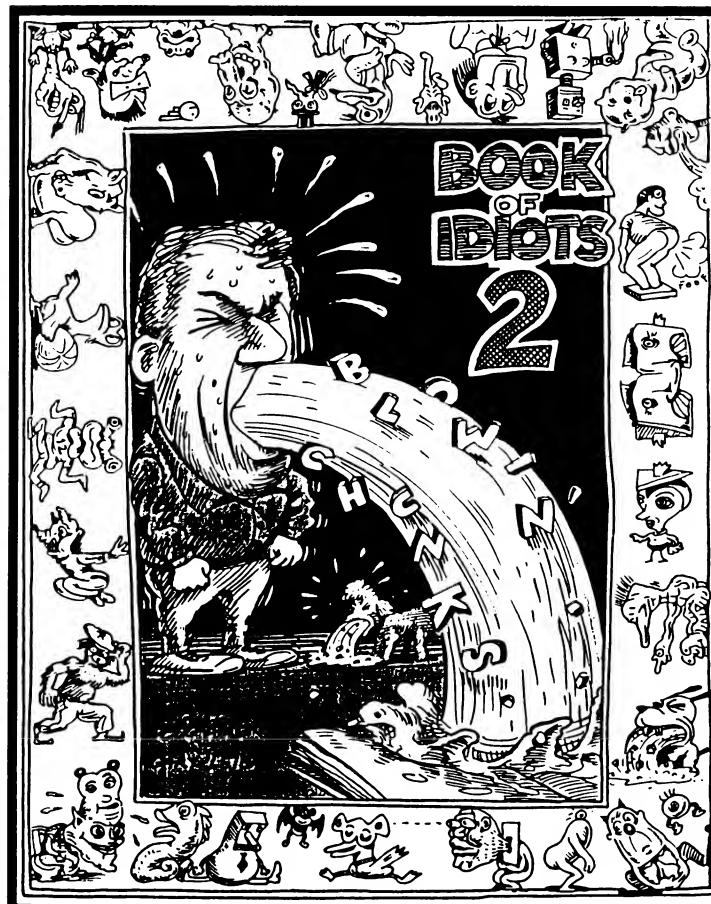
Various Artists - Atlantic Rhythm & Blues 1947-1974

Who would have thought that a record company started by the son of the Turkish ambassador (Ahmet Ertegun) and a Jewish dental student (Herb Abramson) would some twenty years later be the largest seller of soul music surpassing even Motown? Well, it didn't happen overnight. The initial releases, a number of jazz and jump band things, went nowhere (see Vol I) but with the label's first hit, Stick McGhee's *Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee*, Atlantic established its signature sound, what Peter Guralnick in his epochal *Sweet Soul Music* described as "downhome [music] with a sophisticated twist." Often this involved taking sophisticated performers like Ruth Brown, whom the label signed in 1949, and turning them funky or doing the reverse. Quality and authenticity soon became the bywords for the label especially with the addition of writer-promoter Jerry Wexler in 1953 (Vol 2). In 1954, a relatively unknown singer named Ray Charles put together this "blues and gospel combination" otherwise known as *I've Got A Woman*. One of the most profoundly influential singles in the history of pop, it firmly established Atlantic as the premier independent label in the country, a status that enabled Ertegun and company to sign talent like the Coasters, Joe Turner and the Drifters (Vols 2 - 4). In the early sixties, with the addition of Solomon Burke, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, and Joe Tex and their distribution deal with Stax Records, the label

became the base for southern soul "Making music for black adults" (Vols 5 - 7). Sold in 1967 to Warner Brothers (a company more interested in big name rock acts), by the early seventies, Atlantic was no longer actively seeking out Black acts. (Which is why Vol 8 with its Spinners and Roberta Flack songs is the worst of the lot). The contents of this eight CD set can also be purchased separately, but these single discs omit many of the cuts found in the box set. And while the set itself costs an arm and a leg, it is essential listening for anyone with even a cursory interest in rhythm and blues.

Various Artists - Surf Legends (And Rumors) 1961-1964

Hey all you hotdoggers and hodaddies, here's a heapin' helpin' of twenty-six, count 'em, twenty-six monsters from the surf. Totally tubular twangy trebly tunes sans vocals (which make them instrumentals), with some swank sax surfacing every now and then. No Ventures, Surfaris or Trashmen, but what's here is choice: The Rumblers, The Ramblers, The Revels and . . . and . . . and what the hell difference does it make? All these guys were just a bunch of obnoxious teenagers making a crazy, glorious, wigged-out racket just for the hell of it and if you take this stuff seriously you're probably missing the point. (Del Rack, 8300 Tampa Ave, Northridge, CA 91324).



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Lou Reed - *Magic and Loss*

There's little magic here but it's certainly your loss if you shell out the green for this pretentious, melodically undernourished, ponderously paced "meditation" on life and death. Some words of advice for you Lou, from a poet far greater than your mentor Delmore Schwartz: "*Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at the close of day.*" (Sire Records). Far more entertaining, albeit in a pathetic way, is Lou Reed's *Walk On The Wildside Workout* (actually it's entitled *Live At The Ritz* and it's a bootleg). Yes, that's really Mr. Reed with a hot four piece aerobiocized show band backed by a horn section and synthesizers in what sounds like an audition for some third rate Vegas lounge. The only thing missing from these nauseatingly buoyant arrangements is Up With People singing background vocals (although that might have been them on *Vicious*). *VU '69*, another boot, suffers from shoddy sound but the band (sans John Cale) does a fine job in setting up that inimitable drone and decorating it with some tasteful psychedelized guitar work. Songs from the third LP predominate and if you buy this thing hoping to hear a live version of *Sister Ray*, forget it, that's *I Can't Stand It* they're playing on that second mislabeled track.

Morgoth - *Cursed*

Brutal, numbing, relentless death metal: no melodies, just dire, skull-rattling riffs that shift, with little rhyme or reason, from warp speed to grinding martial tempos. And over this hellish spew rides the chiliastic, atavistic yowls of a vocalist named, appropriately enough, Grewe, singing cheery ditties about *Darkness* and *Sold Baptism*. Not for the faint of heart nor those feign to be hurt nor those . . . Jesus, Sandy take this thing off, I can't hardly think no more, it's too burning! (Century Media).

Deadhorse - *Peaceful Death and Pretty Flowers*

Death heavy metal machine fueled by a blazing Texas guitar duo who, along with the rest of these horses, have clearly had their blood sugar raised to alarming levels as a result of massive ingestion of Taco Bell burritos and Colt 45 malt liquor. How else to explain sentiments like: *The feel is in my hand/like cancer it's growing/There's no solution so choke the shit out of something*; or, *I want to bathe in the blood/that gave life to your corpse/no longer prisoner of time/I caress your remains*. I wonder what the hell these guys do to relax, embalm cadavers? In fact, I wonder if it's at all possible for them to relax? Maybe they don't want to relax. Yeah, that's it, they can't relax because they are haunted by the fact that they, like all humans, are little more than an *insidious heap of torment/resting hideous strips of flesh*. I don't know if I can continue to go on knowing this. Life suddenly seems . . . a pathetic, meaningless farce created by a savage and malignant God for His own idiot amusement. (Metal Blade).



Joe Coleman - *Infernal Machine*

Prankster/performance artist/painter's first piece of vinyl since his mid-seventies work with those notorious nattering nabobs of negativism, The Steel Tips. The first side, a tribute to mass murderers, cleverly pairs monologues from real (Manson, Kemper and Lucas), as well as fictional (*The Sadist*, *Night of the Hunter*) killers with twisted songs like Eddie Noack's *Psycho* and Tex Ritter's *Samuel Hall*. The second side opens by introducing us to a geek - dialogue courtesy of *Nightmare Alley* - which turns out either to be Coleman or Bob Barker depending on how you look at things. From here we are taken on a harrowing journey into fear, loathing, madness and failure featuring crazed songs from the aforementioned Tips, a demented Kirk Douglas monologue from *Detective Story*, the Gooba-Gabba chorus from *Freaks*, car crashes, pig snorting, backwards dialogue, African chants and Prohibition era ballads slowed down and speeded up: a portrait of the artist as a burgeoning psychotic as it were. *Infernal Machine* is kind of pricey, yet inasmuch as the whole shebang comes with a platter tastefully decorated with a picture of Coleman as a kind of deranged Christ and an LP-sized booklet containing many of Joe's demented naif paintings in suitable for framing full color, it's worth the few extra bucks. (Blast First, 262 Mott St, Room 324, NY, NY 10012).

Nick Drake - *Fruit Tree*

Nick Drake, an English folksinger, killed himself and after listening to these songs it won't surprise you that he did. Drake cast himself as a knight errant, a foolish romantic, hopelessly and incessantly searching for beauty and truth. Even when solace was found - in love, a sunset or an autumn landscape - Drake's balm was tinged with the knowledge of their transience. The lyrics are wistful to the point of morbidity, the music - especially the early coffee house folk jazz - so sweetly languorous that it borders on the precious, Drake's hushed voice so filled with brooding melancholy as to be almost unbearable, but somehow, someway, the lines are never crossed. By the time of his third LP, 1973's *Pink Moon*, Nick had pared his music to the bone, playing and recording totally unaccompanied. Shortly thereafter, after a brief stay in a psychiatric rest home, he was dead. *Fruit Tree* is a four CD collection that contains the three LPs and adds a bonus disc of fourteen tracks including seven cuts that have never seen the light of day. (Hannibal Records).

Various Artists - *Psychedelic Microdots Vol. 1*

Lovely lysergic lunacy lifted from lost labels and longer lost bands (Jesus I'm beginning to sound like Andrew Loog Oldham). It's a little heavy on We The People cuts - seven out of eighteen - but the fuzz guitar and farfisa fueled *Miracle Worker* (Brogues) and the garage grunge masterpiece *Good Times* (Nobody's Children) alone make it worth the price of admission. If that isn't enough of an inducement, the folks at Sundazed have added the surreally sappy *Smell Of Incense*, the deranged psych pop of *Mindrocker* with its pulsating moog tape loop and half a dozen others that possess the requisite oddball touches and loopy lyrics. (Sundazed Records, Box 85, 27 Church Street, Coxsackie, NY 12051).

No Man - *How The West Was Won*

For those of you wondering whatever happened to Mission Of Burma frontman Roger Miller since he split from the band in 1983, the answer is plenty but we don't have the time or the space to go into that here. Since 1989, he's been touring and recording as part of this titular power duo (now a trio). And if you're looking for a resurrected Burma, forget it, Roger and No Man seem to be committed to fashioning a kind of idiosyncratic hard pop (or you can call it avant-garde pop, or you can call it post-punk pop, or you can call it alternative power pop, but ya doesn't has to call it pop). Most of this stuff is fairly effective with *Call On Me* and *Reach For The Sky* with their rock sound drumming and smoldering guitar work, real standouts. (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260).

Date Bait - *I Split On Your Grave*

Master Baiter B. Horrorwitz is telling everyone who will listen that they should avoid this platter at all costs. Well, since you gave my wife this thing as the first prize in that Halloween costume contest rather than the trip to Hawaii (cheap bastards) we expected, I had little choice but to give it a spin. And I don't know what all the boo-hooing is about because *Split* is a terrific party record, a delirious mix of trashy pop, garage rock and ghoulish rave-ups. Hell, even the Iggy and Dictators covers get a B+ for effort. Send these guys your money, they're starving to death for their art. (Brian Horrorwitz, 2101 Hildarose Drive, #203, Silver Spring, MD 20902).

Lost - *Stumble*

Neurotic, neurasthenic, noisy grunge that bears a passing resemblance to Husker Du on side one and a lot of those SubPop noisemasters on the flip. I never really dug the Du (well there were a few Grant Hart songs I have a soft spot for) and most of those Seattle bands leave me cold, but I find myself listening to this platter incessantly. Maybe it's because Lost keep things simple, and maybe it's because they sing about getting drunk and passing out and waking up feeling empty and useless or about getting drunk and feeling confused because you don't understand how you can miss a girl and at the same time want to beat the crap out of her or about feeling confused in general and not knowing what to do with all this inchoate anger. *Stumble* makes me wish I was twenty-one again, and still believed there was an answer to any of these dilemmas. (77 Nagle Road, Erie, PA 16511).

John Cale - *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*

I don't get it, why all the superlative reviews for this dreadful cassette release of two live CBGB performances from '78 and '79? The sound is tinny, the performances with the exception of guitarist Ritchie Flieger, mediocre, and the songs, most of which are no longer performed by Cale, uninteresting. Admittedly, Cale was at the top of his game during this time (which I can attest to having seen him twice during this two year period) but you'd never know it from this wretched effort. A much better document of this period is contained within the grooves of the intermittently incendiary *Sabotage Live* which even at its worst is more listenable than anything on *Cowgirls*. (Roir Cassettes).

Chicken Scratch - *Giant and Invisible*

"Thrashy, grungy, full of political foment . . ." No, no, no, "foment" is a transitive verb guys; the word you were looking for is "fomentation." Moreover, "thrashy" and "grungy" are definitely not the words to use when attempting to peg this combo's sound. "Eclectic" is the word you gotta employ inasmuch as The Scratches assay everything (rather effectively I might add) from heavy metal mamba on the one hand to deranged country vaudeville on the other and almost every other pop variation in between, including some hybrids for which words are pitifully inadequate. I mean what do you call *Meet Me In My Monkeysuit?* Thrash-fusion? And what about *Alaska?* Quasi-metal pop? In any case, what I'm trying to say, is that stylistic consistency is not this group's bag, which is fine with me. If you want numbing sameness, buy an REM or Nirvana record. (Community 3, 48 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211).

Love Camp Seven - *King Sex / Sour Old Men (7inch)*

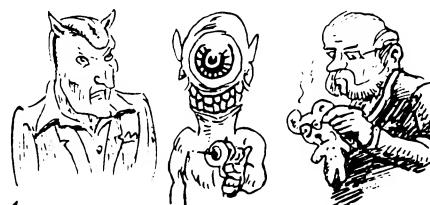
For a group that takes their name from a repulsive film about a brothel in a Nazi concentration camp, it's rather surprising how light-hearted and good natured the music on this platter is. *King Sex* is a hilarious mix of curdled jazz, mellow pop, music hall campiness and droll lyrics. *Sour Old Men* is garagably stomp in a dissonant vein. (Community 3, 438 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211).

Legendary Stardust Cowboy - *Retrorocket Back to Earth*

This guy is out there and in spite of the title I doubt he's touched terra firma at all in the last twenty-five years or so. So hey man what's his style? How does he get his kicks for a living? Well . . . it's not rockabilly really . . . and it's not that Cramps ghoulabilly thing either . . . it's more like . . . h'mmm . . . dementabilly and clowntry and western, but it's all so whacked that it makes the wigged-out Hasil Adkins sound like George Jones by comparison. Why? Well, for several reasons: the Cowboy can't sing, he blurts and brays; he writes simplistic songs about things like the Jersey Turnpike, Egyptian maidens and meeting Alex Trebec. His arrangements are eccentric enough to make Wild Man Fischer blush in embarrassment; and that bugle playing of his, trust me, it gives new meaning to the word abandoned. When you add it all up it spells: E S S E N T I A L. And just in case you had any doubts, the good folks at New Rose Records add, as a bonus, all thirteen cuts from *Rides Again*, the Cowboy's previous release.

Rudy Grayzell - *Texas Kool Kat*

Four song 45 featuring three raucous, resoundingly rebarbative rockabilly roundelay and one sordidly sentimental serenade by a Sun label vet backed by the fantabulous A-Bones (sans lead singer Billy Miller) one of the hottest garage bands on the planet. Can't wait for the feature length version. (Norton Records).



Various Artists - *Chrome, Smoke and Fire*

There are a few things you should know before you purchase this double LP which bills itself as a "compilation of hot rod music." First of all the price, the package goes for over thirty dollars. Secondly, the music inside isn't really "hot rod" music for the most part. "Hot rod" music was that sixties chrome wheeled, fuel injected, reved-up instrumental nonsense with all manner of automotive sounds in the background. *Chrome* has about an LP's worth of fifties country boogie and "billy" slanted rockabilly much of which you wouldn't stock your vintage Wurlitzer with. Thirdly, a few of these selections have been slapped on these platters without permission of the rightful owners of Norton and Ripsaw Records. On the positive side are the liner notes, the terrific Robert Williams' illustrations which adorn both the cardboard and vinyl and the dozen or so rare and marvelous songs. So the whole thing works out to less than three dollars per boss cut. That ain't too damn bad. (Blast First).

Crungehouse - *New Society/Chocolate Love Groove*

The "groove" side is a deeliteful psychedelized funky metalloid rap, a Willy Wonka fantasy except that here Willy is a black man with long straight blonde hair and a nose ring. The flip is a noisy little sucker filled with stinging, keening guitar runs, monstrous riffing and bludgeoning rhythms all laid over a loop of a chillingly emotionless lecture on the dangers of "the crazy acid" LSD. (1504 Faragut, Hyattsville, Md 20781).

Where No Life Dwells - *Unleashed*

Yaaaaargh . . . Graaaaalspch . . . DIE! Self-styled Berserkers send forth brutal riffs to do battle with stop on a dime time shifts, furious rhythms and hellish cacophony. Jesus and Allah are dead, you are a God and all who will not admit to this must be struck through the eye with a broadsword. A disturbing effort by a band obviously too wise for its generation. (Century Media).

Buddy Guy - *Damn Right I've Got The Blues*

And he certainly has the right to say so, this being Guy's first domestic release in ten years. An injustice that borders on the criminal given the fact that many in the biz (Eric Clapton included) feel Buddy to be a guitarist without peer. The song selection is a little weak here, but even such old warhorses like *Mustang Sally* are redeemed by Guy's sweet reverberating wail. And when it all comes together on cuts like *Where's The Next One Coming From* with its fat-bottomed bass and soulful and laconic string stretching, its as good as the blues gets. Guy is aided and abetted by the aforementioned Clapton as well as Jeff Beck and Mark Knopfler, but if you buy this thing for any of the Brits, you'll be disappointed, this is Buddy's show. (Silvertone).

Johnny Winters - *Let Me In*

A more interesting release by a blues veteran by virtue of its eclecticism and song selection is this platter, Johnny's first release since leaving Chicago's Alligator records.

There's some boogie, rock and roll and R&B thrown alongside some fine blues tunes - which run the gamut from down-home acoustic to electric south side. All of it peppered with Johnny's gruff, gravely growls and his trademark lightning quick guitar runs as well as some hard drivin' and grindin' slide work. Dr. John adds some nice fills on the piano on a few cuts. (Point Blank).

Various Artists - *I Was A Teenage Caveman*

Fuzz, farfisa and a fulsome fuck- you attitude. Also ingenuous primitivism, unbridled passion and paleolithic performances punctuated by peevish philippics masquerading as vocals. Unless you're currently laboring in a soi disant garage band or are the kind of anal retentive who keeps old 45s in plastic, you're unlikely to have run across any of this stuff. But what the fuck does that matter? If you've never heard the Emperors' *I Want My Woman*, the Haunted's *Eight O'Clock This Morning* or the Beechnuts *My Iconoclastic Life*, your existence thus far has been a travesty of a mockery of a sham. So trust me: YOU NEED THIS! (TC 1966).

Various Artists - *Teen Age Riot*

A comp of hilarious jd and hot rod songs made by people who haven't been within two hundred yards of a fight in their life and who wouldn't know a shiv from a Chevy. You think juvenile delinquents actually listened to stuff like *High School Caesar* (good flick) and *Shanty Tramp* (even better flick)? I think not, these songs stink of Eisenhower era suburbia not of leather and beer. But pay me no mind, you'll have a great time laughing at all these faux-tough songs and the ludicrous radio spots for troubled-teen pics that follow them. (Atomic Records).

Pixies - *Trompe Le Monde*

Memo From The Desk of Black Francis:

Dear college students, Listen, I'm really sorry about that last LP with its persnickety melodies, fey lyrics and retro surf guitar stylings. This thing is a horse of a different color. Hey, I mean it. We had Ozzy Osbourne and Ratt working in the adjoining studios while recording so we had to drop the cutesy-poo stuff out of sheer embarrassment and I had to scream on most of these cuts like my testicles were being slowly pulled off with pliers out of fear that the guys next door would kick my ass. Even the slower, moodier things will probably strike you as more weird than effeminately quirky. Plus, I let the producer fuck around with the textures as well as splatter Joey's muscularly frantic guitar work all over this thing. Yeah, I know, the lyrics are still a bit art school oblique but hey, some of them like this one: *Oh kiss me cunt and kiss me cock/Oh kiss my ass oh let it rock*, are kind of cool and besides who cares about the words when we're making such a glorious (yes glorious) racket. So whaddya say, give us a break, tell us all is forgiven, better still don't tell us anything, just buy our record. Okay? Okay? C'mon, I'm serious, from now on it's strictly Blackie's House of Beef, serving up prime sirloin without an ounce of fat. (Elektra).

Curioddity - *Screaming Popeyes*

Thank God these guys have cut the running time of their releases to about thirty minutes. Normally, the Popeyes' tapes contain such a wealth of weirdness that you could listen to the things for about forty years and not even begin to scratch the surface. So here we've got about fifteen less minutes to deal with which means I've got twenty pages of notes rather than the usual fifty. I'll be glad to send copies to you upon request, but I'll end this disjointed review by advising you simply to send \$5 to Jeff Olson, 210 S. Alto, #D, Branson, MO 65616, inasmuch as no one I've heard is making experimental music and sound collages as intriguing and as accessible.

The 13th Floor Elevators - *The Magic Of The Pyramids* (Collectibles)

Roky Erickson - *You're Gonna Miss Me: The Best Of Roky Erickson* (Restless Records)

by Rick Cazadores

With the appearance of the previously unreleased *The Magic Of The Pyramids*, a 1965 live performance by The 13th Floor Elevators, and of *You're Gonna Miss Me*, a compilation of independently produced singles and rarities from Elevators' guiding light Roky Erickson, the superficial pantomime of neo-psychedelia is shamefully exposed. Forget those new Syds on the block who contentedly imitate the lysergic spewings of their sixties forebears. Roky and the Elevators virtually founded the concept of psychedelic music with hard-edged, window-rattling blasts of sheer sonic skronk. And while those loveable Liverpool lads, The Beatles were bursting charts everywhere with silly little love songs, Roky and crew were contemplating the universe beyond their navels and WRITING LYRICS about their rocky ride.

The Fag Four eventually struck paydirt with this same concept because panty-waist pop mavens would rather hear about Henry the fucking Horse than be challenged by the genuinely scary navigations of Roky and the Elevators. In fact, the band's prerequisite acid trips (and a three-year stint in a hospital for the criminally insane) ultimately shattered Roky's tenuous grasp on what most of us prefer to call "sanity" sending him tumbling into a psychedelic hell inhabited by holy devils and demons of darkness. Incredibly, these neurological nightmares inspired Roky to write ghostly tributes that both acknowledged and sanctified his divine terrors.

You're Gonna Miss Me chronicles Roky Erickson's fall into madness following the Elevators' break-up through his indie singles and abortive live performances. Included are Erickson classics *Bermuda*, *Starry Eyes*, *Red Temple Prayer* and *Two Headed Dog*, as well as the lesser-known *White Faces* and the haunting *If You Have Ghosts*. This compilation argues for a critical evaluation of Erickson's vastly underappreciated talents as a singer and lyricist. It's also a perfect introduction for neophytes who know of Roky only through the fawning imitators featured on college radio playlists.

Even better is *The Magic Of The Pyramids*, a bone-rattling live performance by the Elevators. Recorded a year before the band signed with Leland Rogers' International Artists label, *Magic* presents the Elevators at the height of their artistic power. Captured in a pre-show practice session before a small group of fans, the band - fronted by 17 year-old Roky - churns out definitive versions of *Fire In My Bones*, *You're Gonna Miss Me*, and eleven other Elevators' classics.

With its LSD-derived lyrical imagery and massive waves of feedback, *The Magic Of The Pyramids* is nothing less than a major revelation in the history of rock music. Devotees of psychedelia will especially lap it up, but anyone seriously interested in modern music should also investigate. Kudos to Collectibles, a budget-priced "oldies" label, for unearthing and releasing this lost gem.

Mudhoney - *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge*

by Rick Cazadores

Seattle grunge rockers Mudhoney, whose disappointing debut album led rockcrits to write 'em off as lame Iggy wanna-bes, are back from the dead with *Fudge*, a metalloid blast that buries their previous output, including their highly collectable Sub Pop singles. Unlike ex-Sub Pop-stars Soundgarden and Nirvana, now megastars with major label backing, the Honeys ride their numero deux back to indy-land where the air is cleaner but the jack is oh-so-leaner. Nevermind, 'cause in my dictionary "art" appears way before "commerce," and they're both pages ahead of "sell out."

From the opening organ chords of *Generation Genocide*, a *Titanic Overture* for the noxious nineties, to the moribund metallic bite of *Check-Out Time*, the album closer, *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge* rises above the usual Sub Pop Strum und Drang. Critics who lauded Nirvana for mixing metal with melody should check out the brushed intro for *Good Enough* or the lurching pulse and harmonica wail of *Move Out*. Throughout, *Fudge* resounds with the clangling metal crunch of a garage door slammed in the face of an uncomprehending record industry. (Sub Pop).



Chopped and Channeled

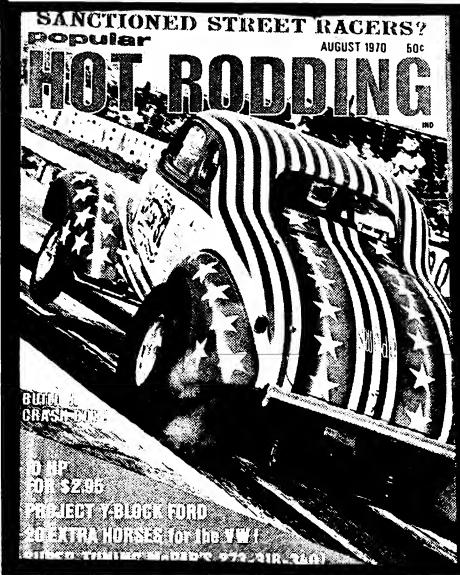
by Steve Jeffries

SURF 'N' DRAG SPECIAL !!!

You remember second grade, right? You get home from school and you've got nothing to do, right? So you turn on the T.V. . . . all tiny and black and white. And good. And then it happens. First comes the deafening roar of huge monster-charged engines winding out over the insane scream of cheater-slicked tires incinerating the tarmac, back to back with the hysterical, hyper-ventilating M.C. shrieking, "SURF N' DRAG SPECIAL! SURF N' DRAG SPECIAL! SURF N' DRAG SPECIAL! SURF N' DRAG SPECIAL! BROOOM! BROOOOM! The maniac-high RPM barrage of super-charged drag-strip hyper-patter, infernal combustion and tantalizing snatches of song pound relentlessly over a continuum of ACTION visuals - solid smoke, spinning mags, checkered flags, parachutes popping . . . 60 seconds of 100% pure adrenalin wipe-out! By the time the obscure record company P.O. Box rolls across the grainy screen you're a neurotic sweaty ball of boy-macho tension . . . cuz you've tasted it: The big BOSS world of '60s hot rod record spectaculars!

I don't mean the Jan and Dean/Beach Boys type shit here. I have no time for the prosaic plus I hate that drivel. My genuine '60s hot rod spectacular entries must meet EXACTING BOSS GENRE QUALIFICATIONS! First, they gotta be mainly instrumental! That's right,

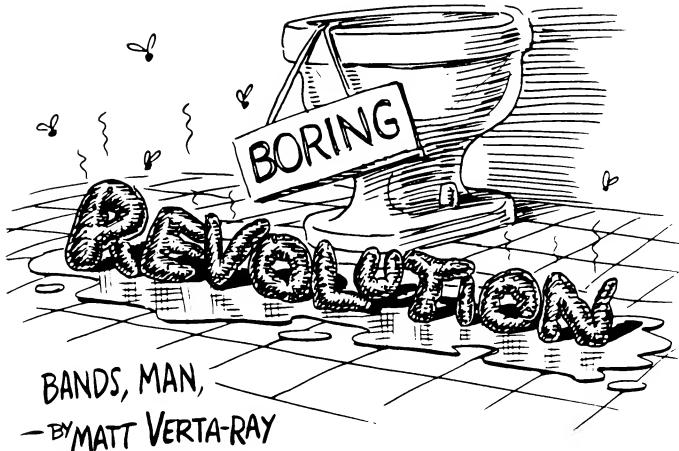
no simpering adolescent vocal syrup. This strict rule automatically eliminates at least 50% of all would be BOSS genre competitors. And the proper intro sound is, of course, vastly important. Not unsimilar to surf instrumental but more, like, swingin', with dominant four-barreled sax riffing, wide open base lines, heavy twangin' guitars and, most importantly, TONS AND TONS of overbearingly LOUD drag engine sound effects that should occasionally drown out the tune itself entirely! The album jackets are important BOSS genre qualifiers too, ideally falling into one or more of two or three categories which I will now dictate: (1) the ultimate BOSS covers featuring super-stocker T-Buckets or '32 Ford



Deuce Coupes, preferably painted high-gloss black and loaded out with cool red/orange and yellow go-faster flames (extra-beastly exposed engine with chromed organ pipe velocity stacks optional), (2) record sleeves featuring lowered early '50s Ford and Chevy lead sleds, often indicating fine early vintage ('62) BOSS genre musical material and, (3) jackets sporting extra-huge Drag-Rite tires or burnished chrome mag wheels . . . a high-profile customized look for the '63-'65 nationwide hot rodding explosion crowd. Non-boss warning light: covers featuring insanely blown/multi-engine rail dragsters, contrary to NHRA class approved appearances, often serve merely to disguise dangerously high levels of loathsome studio slicked vocal puke contained within. Strictly look but don't touch. REJECT THE GLAMOUR OF EVIL. Third and final BOSS genre requirement is the song titles should incorporate lotsa' real gassy ho-daddy speak . . . something like *Mr. Eliminator* or *Ho-Dad Machine*. Maybe something to do with nitro fuel or big stick shifts or whatever. Oh yeah, and the song titles should be listed on the front of the record sleeve, preferably in some insipid sequence that bears absolutely no relationship whatsoever to the order in which the pieces appear on the album. Anyway, the following selections have been adjudged by me to qualify in ALL BOSS GENRE CRITERIA! SO LET THE RUMPUT BEGIN!!

The Shut Downs: *The Deuce Coupes* (mysterious Crown Records, probably 1962-'63) - Cover drags with a pair of heavy duty chopped and channeled lead sleds (a '51 Chevy and '48 Ford respectively) which, if you've been paying attention to the RULES, should clue you in to The Shut Downs' really big rollicking bass and sax heavy sound. I mean this thing swings, daddy! Hey, even the vocal cuts are BOSS. Toss in a monster heap of hemi-powered engine rumble and you've got one of my favorite V-8s! Contending titles include: '36 Three Window Coupe, Turn Her On, Buddy, *The Deuce Coupes* and Body By Fisher. A TOP ELIMINATOR.

WAKE ME UP WHEN YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED WITH YOUR...



BANDS, MAN,
—BY MATT VERTA-RAY

Welcome everybody, welcome to the New York music scene and my gut reactions to a few of the more germane, if not necessarily popular bands, man, plying their trade around Manhattan island and environs. In later issues of this rag I plan to take a look at many more musical combos, so if you're interested in seeing your group grace these pages, send your demo tapes, vinyl and CDs to Matt Verta-Ray c/o Brutarian, PO Box 25222, Arlington, Va 22202-9998. And yes, the Brutes will forward all your stuff to me, so don't worry about getting lost in the mail.

EDDIE DIXON

Self-professed "Rock Daddy" and desperate man, Dixon is one of the New York rockabillies. He's a crowd pleaser and everything he does smacks of professionalism as he swings through sometimes endless sets of fairly authentic sounding rockabilly and rock and roll. He plays a 50's strat or a silvertone hybrid through a very old tube echoplex and a tiny Fender amp. He gets a great, although too-soft-to-knock-you-out sound, and plays melodic 'billy leads that lean to country. His band, which seems to vary from show to show, is usually semi-lame: a bunch of jaded pros who either don't know the idiom or don't care. Clue - last time I saw him play, the drummer had a mohawk. The main attraction is his singing which is classic Gene Vincent style rockabilly crooning, and of course the ladies love his lanky physique, John Waters moustache and greasy straight hair. The Dixonettes (Tish and Snooky) are two hot chick singers who have worked out harmonies, dance steps and matching leather skirts with dice on them, very showbiz very charming.

Apart from the usual choice of covers, Dixon writes some decent originals such as *Desperate Man*, *Brand New Baby* and *Undivided Attention*, all of which have good melodic hooks in 'em. His most memorable original is *Relentless*, one he wrote for the soundtrack of the biker movie *Loveless*

and intentionally made sound like *Stray Cat Strut* at the request of the movie's producers. The song is one of the spooky greats, a classic of old style menace and echo-mood and Dixon must know it because he had it tattooed on his arm.

You have to keep your eyes open for Eddie Dixon because he seldom plays and when he does it's at weird places like Fanny's Oyster Bar. But seeing him live is fun and well worth it, especially if you are an obsessed student of this kind of music, as most 50's-heads seem to be.

THE WALDOS

Now you know who wrote half of the good Heartbreaker's songs: It was Walter Lure. His new band, The Waldos, which was formed sometime before Johnny Thunders died, is so close in spirit to what the Dolls and the Heartbreakers were about that you'll hardly notice that Thunders is missing. They play beautifully trashy sets with a novel twist: they attempt to emulate the Shirelles or the Searchers and however ludicrous such a concept may seem to anyone who hasn't seen their underrehearsed dollar-per-note sets, it is the essence of their greatness. They really don't know how sloppy it all is, or if they know, they are powerless to change it. I think William Burroughs once said something like, "real artists don't want to be artists, they just want to be left alone" (i.e. rich). This implies that only rich kids want to be artists. Well Burroughs ought to know, he's both. I'm sure The Waldos would rather be Bon Jovi rich than Heartbreakers poor, but I guess someone was watching out for the rest of us and kept the Waldos gorgeously unmarketable. Born to lose, right?

To see the Waldos is a wonderful thing, like watching your own daughter in her first ballet recital, your eyes blind to the missteps. Old school NY rock fans can't help but get high in the magic of their throwaway style and transparent showmanship. But stage energy is one thing, knowing good songs when you hear them is another. Everything The Waldos play has some perfect major key hook in it that the lovely ladies can hum on the way home even if it's played too loud to pick up any of the words. True, a lot of the songs were written around twelve or fifteen years ago, but pick up their single *Crazy Little Baby/Cry Baby* (Baylor Records) and there's proof that they are still writin' 'em and writin' 'em good. One of my favorite New York bands.

THE SPELVINS

It's too bad about these guys because they were doing jangle-pop when it was the thing to be doing. Now of course, everybody is pretending their REM records were left in the apartment by the previous tenant and, well, they just can't bear to throw 'em out. But Spelvins' songwriter John Keeney keeps writing these hooky college radio classics like it was 1983. The songs are like a cross between The La's and The Lovin' Spoonful. "Bird," the singer, has an unusually fine and disciplined voice and on a good night can sound really soulful although all the time spent languish-

ing in obscurity has hurt a band that is so obviously made for mass appeal. It's similar to the DB's and their song *Amplifier*. The band refused to believe that this tune hadn't made it, so they kept releasing it over and over on every album they put out, but bad timing or bad luck kept the song an obscure classic even though it wound up on about four different records. The Spelvins are supposed to have a full length on the market soon and for their sake I hope it gets released because they're just about to bust apart from frustration. Their drummer, Dessau, owns a recording studio and the band often plays at parties the studio is constantly throwing, so if you want info on their next gig call Harold Dessau Recording in NYC.

VACANT LOT

They're not exactly youngsters but they play fast. This is a band that hooked me after just one viewing. I happened to be at CBGB's seeing some other group and when these guys came on they just knocked me out. Imagine a faster version of the Ramones. So far as I know they have two singles out, the most memorable song being a cover of the Real Kids' *All Kinds of Girls*. I put a copy of the original on 78 speed and damn if it didn't sound just like The Vacants. The lead singer is Pete Ciccone, that's right, the

brother Madonna couldn't get along with in *Truth or Dare* . . . NOT! He sings and plays guitar and writes most of the songs. They just lost their wicked cool drummer Paul Corio who is pursuing his cartooning career. (You might have seen some of his drawings in *The Voice*.) Actually, losing Corio may be a problem for these guys because not many drummers could maintain Vacant Lot's speed and intensity for an entire set. It's one thing playing cut-time hardcore songs fast, it kind of comes off like polka. But try playing a Chuck Berry song at three times the normal speed. They also count off the next song, sticks a-clickin', punk style, while the guitars are ringing from the last one, which adds to their momentum. I've heard their set lists even have "sip of beer" written where they take one of their rare between song breaks, then it's click, click, click, Dah-na-na-na etc.

Once again, though, it comes down to songs and these guys have them. Big, obvious hooks that are made to withstand bad PAs and too-loud guitars. I wouldn't exactly say these guys are natural rock animals, but they're smart and they distill their influences just enough to get away with it. This is a band made up of music fans, but then I guess you could say that about The Beatles. *The All Kinds of Girls* single is backed with *She Gotta Leave*, another strong song you could sing perfectly without knowing any of the words. The other 45 is *Almost Summer*, a major key melodic romp with a beautiful harmony hook in the chorus. (Ciccone wrote it.) The flip is the weakest, most obviously "in-the-style-of" song called *Cyclone*. (Mitro, the other guitar guy wrote it.) These guys play loud, hard and fast and they have good songs. What else do you want? See 'em live, buy the records.

BRIAN DEWAN

I used to be in a band with Brian, and I'm telling you, it's not an act. I would go over to his house and he'd be "playing" the accordion, just sitting in a chair, his eyes intently focused on the edge of a table or something. That fuckin' thing sounded like a donkey. Brian would be zoning into some repetitive two note (usually atonal) pattern and he would devilishly play the same thing non-stop for - I'm serious about this - maybe forty minutes, or until you stopped him. This kind of thing is just one aspect of him but it adds to his general mad genius aura. I guess if anyone is one - a genius - Brian certainly qualifies, if only for the intensity and single mindedness of his vision. He's remarkably faithful to his aesthetic, to the point of being stubborn. You can see him play some quirky, irregular thing exactly the same way if you catch his "act" a year later.

Brian's talents are myriad but I'll stick to music for now. When he performs, he usually plays with a standard autoharp (like your 3rd grade teacher would stroke if she didn't know piano) or a huge electric zither that he made himself. The zither is about the size of a picnic blanket folded over once to make a triangle. It's got eight DiMarzio humbuckers in it and piano wire for the bass strings. He



plays it through a tube screamer distortion box and sometimes through a real revolving Leslie speaker. It sounds pretty awesome and it's not for folkies although in a strange way, what he plays is what folk music ought to be. The songs, which he sings in a strange old-fashionedey tenor voice, are reminiscent of Irish sea shanties or some queer kind of chanted Puritan music that no one's ever heard before. His tunes are about the kind of details that only a very obsessed and observant person would think of. For instance, the unforgettable *Wastepaper Basket Fire* is a droning cautionary tale about someone who "professes to have failed" to extinguish his cigarette before throwing it in the trash. Or the song about Tuck Box Charlie: "Don't you know? He lives in here and the hardware store's his home!"

It's hard to describe the music because it's such a specific trip this guy is on: smarter and less babyish than Daniel Johnson and way cooler and tougher than, say, Pete Seeger. All I can say is see this guy play. (I don't think there are any records, although Bar None was interested in him for a while.) He plays out infrequently, sometimes at Knitting Factory, sometimes opening for They Might Be Giants who are obviously in awe of him. (Dewan is to TMBG as Dinosaur was to Sonic Youth or Daniel Johnson was to Yo La Tengo). Anyway, catch Dewan, you're in for a treat.

In coming weeks I'll be talking about some other NY bands, man, and I'll even try reviewing some I don't like. Keep your eyes open for: Yuppicide, A-Bones, Radicts, Action Swingers, The Rogues, Yo La Tengo, Liquor Giants, Madder Rose, Devil Dogs, Deviators, Karen Black and many more or possibly many less. Until then, I say to you: Wake me up when you've quite finished with your BORING REVOLUTION.



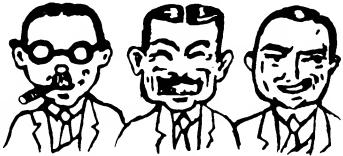
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TIGERRR-Y XXX ACTION WITH THE PEP BOYS!

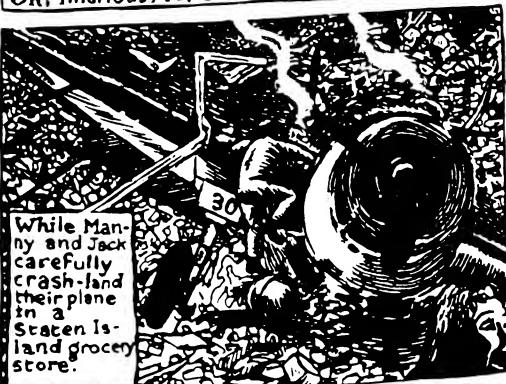
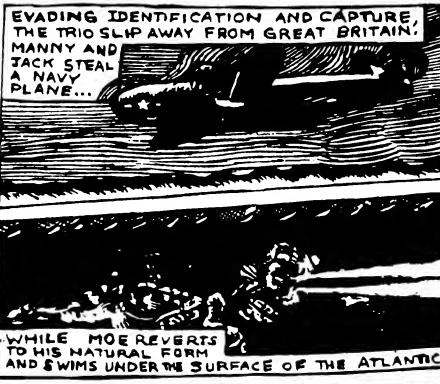
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DIVERSIONS
OF THE
PEP BOYS!**



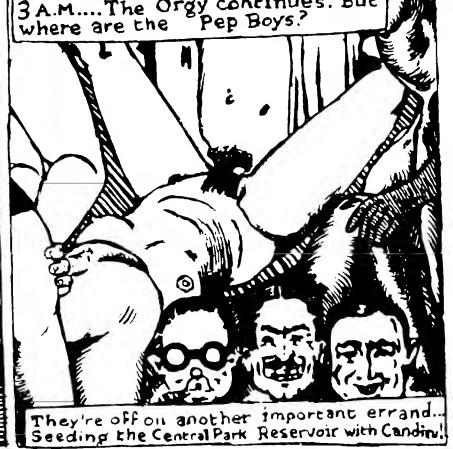
OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS AND NEWSREEL CAMERA MEN ARE HARD AT WORK, DAY AFTER DAY, DOCUMENTING THE DRAMATIC AND FAR-REACHING PERVERSIONS OF THE PEP BOYS, AND STRUGGLING TO UNDERSTAND THEM WITH THEIR SOLIPSISTIC THINKING!



Oh, hilarious, Pep Boys! Just hilarious.



While Man-
ny and Jack
carefully
crash-land
their plane
in a
Staten Is-
land grocery
store.



FROM
P. REVESS

AUTHOR OF
"MECCA FOR MURDER"
"CASBAH FOR CAST-
RATION" "DULUTH
FOR DECAPITATION"
"SAN DIEGO FOR
SOME DISMEMBER-
MENT" "SAN JUAN
FOR SUM WUN GETS
KILLED" ETC
COMES

"Hey
Driver!?"

The General's regular driver has been replaced for the day by a confounded Cubist!

DASH IT ALL, DRIVER!
SLOW DOWN!

"Instead of
bourbon in
the file, I keep
the savage
ghost of
murder."

By Jove! The man must be mad!

"YEAH,
I'm Chester
Drum, the
guy who takes
murder for
breakfast!"

Quite like
eggs for
breakfast
myself,
Chester.

The driver stopped the car.

"MY CODE?
Here it is. I'm Chester Drum,
Professional of violence."

"Bring me your troubles, bring me
your pimps and panders and
prostitutes and extortionists
and drifters and marks and
dead-beats and rear-end-kiss-
ing heirs and ambulance-
chasing lawyers ready to split
Fee."

O.K.

"Bring me your irate
husbands and nymphomaniac
wives and thieving sons and
savage killers."

"Bring me your... hell, you
get the idea."

YES...YES I DO.

"Violence is my trade.
Trouble is my name..."

Years later, the General reminisc-
ed about his remarkable friend.

His name was
Chester Drum,
and he took
murder for
breakfast;
instead of
Bourbon in
his file he
kept the
savage
ghost of
murder."

WALLACE TAMBOURINE

PARDON ME, SIR, DO
YOU HAVE A RESERVA-
MY NAME IS
WALLACE TAM-
BOURINE

TAMBOURINE... LET ME
SEE...

INSTEAD
OF WHISKEY
IN MY DRESSER
I KEEP THE
SURLY SPECTRE
OF ASSAULT.
I'M WALLACE
TAMBOURINE
AND I HAVE
ASSAULT FOR
TEA.

I'M SORRY, I DON'T SEE
YOUR NAME HERE MR.
TAMBOURINE.

BRING ME
YOUR CHEFS &
PHILANDERERS
& DANISH EX-
CHANGE STUDENTS
AND YOUR GAR-
BAGEMEN AND
YOUR PICTURE
EDITORS AT
LIFE MAGAZINE
GIVE ME YOUR...

HELL, YOU GET THE
IDEA.

HEY! HE'S
DOING A THINLY
DISGUISED
VERSION
OF MY
ACT!

CHESTER DRUM
AW, CHESTER!
LET THE KID
MAKE A BUCK
DEAN MARTIN

UM! OH! AM
GOING TO SLEEP
DUM! OH! YES.
IT IS BEDTIME
AND I AM SLEEP
UM! OH!

YES! YES!
BE QUIET IT.
UM! OH!

UM! OH! UM UM OH! WHERE IS
LITTLE NERO! UM! OH!
OH!

HE'S -

UM

HE'S ON -

UM OH

OH! FORGOT
IT

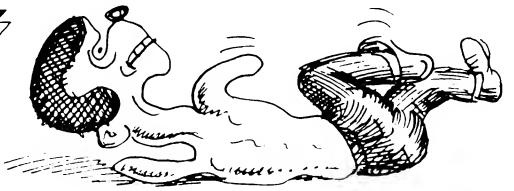
UM! OH! SLEEP!
YES. SLEEP
TIME FOR NERO!
SQUAWK! TU-WHOO.
NERO SHUT UP!

LITTLE UM NEMOUM!
WHERE -

NOT ASLEE-

UM! UM!
OH! UM!

LIBRARY



BRUTARIAN



Plausible Denial

Mark Lane

Thunder's Mouth Press (1991)

In case you were wondering where the evidence linking the CIA to the Kennedy assassination is, look no further, it's right here. And it comes to you courtesy of convicted Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt. Rumors had circulated in Washington for years about this crazy fool in connection with all sorts of skullduggery, some of it, like the ludicrous plan to "eliminate" muck-raking columnist Jack Anderson, even making its way into the papers, but it wasn't until a right wing rag named *Spotlight* published a story in 1981 linking the ex-CIA operative with the President's murder that Hunt determined that even deranged reprobates had their limits and so sued for defamation.

At the initial trial, The Liberty Lobby, the publisher of *Spotlight* was represented by an inept shyster who actually asked the plaintiff not to contest the fact that Hunt was not in Dallas on November 22, 1963, the day Kennedy was shot, effectively gutting the case for the defense. Fortunately, for The Liberty Lobby, Hunt's legal team was just as poorly schooled in legal niceties, pressing the judge to give erroneous instructions to the jury. This effectively resulted in an appeals court ordering a new trial some four years later. In the interim, The Liberty Lobby had wised up and retained legal scholar and noted author Mark Lane to represent them.

During the second Hunt vs. Liberty Lobby trial, a curious thing happened; Hunt, the first witness to testify, impeached himself on cross-examination inadvertently using his own family to do it. Hunt had stated in his complaint that one of the reasons he had brought the suit was because of the pain and anguish the story had caused his family who, after reading the *Spotlight* piece, had never ceased questioning him about his whereabouts on that fateful November day. Yet when being deposed before the trial, he swore that he spent that day and the entire weekend inside his house with his wife, his fourteen and thirteen year old daughters and his ten year old son "glued" to the television set watching events unfold in the

aftermath of the tragic shooting. When confronted with these mutually exclusive explanations - if the children were present that day why did they feel the need to ask him where he was - Hunt explained that "these were unformed minds . . ." that needed to be reminded of the "circumstances." None of Hunt's children were called as alibi witnesses.

Having shown Hunt to be the liar, knave and fool everyone thought he was and in addition, having won his case without having to call a single witness, Lane was presented with a unique opportunity. He could abandon his defense of the defamation suit and instead focus exclusively upon the links between Hunt, the CIA and the assassination of the President.

Lane's client, aware that history was in the making, gave the go ahead.

Hunt eventually was forced to slink out the back door of the courtroom like a whipped dog, but by the end of the trial he had long ceased to become the center of interest. As the press rushed by the disgraced operative to interview the forewoman of the jury, Ms. Leslie Armstrong, they heard this:

The evidence was clear. The CIA had killed President Kennedy, Hunt had been part of it, and the evidence should now be examined by relevant institutions of the United States government so that those responsible for the assassination might be brought to justice.

That night in Miami, the city where the trial was held, a television station owned by *The Washington Post* reported only that Hunt had lost his case. In Washington, *The Post*, which had printed a lengthy story concerning Hunt's initial victory, published nary a word concerning the jury's verdict at the second trial. And it wasn't just *The Post* that had a hidden agenda; almost all the national news media refused to touch the story.

This book, the product of Lane's exhaustive research in connection with the trial, remained untouched by every major book publisher in the country until picked up by Thunder's Mouth Press (who might be commended more for their business acumen for hitching a ride on Oliver Stone's coattails than for their fearless integrity).

The Grand Guignol: Theatre of Fear And Terror

Mel Gordon

Amok Press (1988)

By Greg Goodsell

The arrival of this scholarly volume will be a godsend to those who have attempted to trace the rise of graphic horror as an art form and until now have only encountered grand guignol as a relatively meaningless catch phrase. The Grand Guignol was, of course, the name of a legendary Parisian theater that specialized and reveled in plays of the macabre. Extant between the years of 1897 and 1962, the theatre defined, if not exactly legitimized, on-stage depictions of dismemberment, murder and sanguinary vendettas. The small-town boy who slaps latex together in his basement in emulation of Tom Savini and *Fangoria* magazine owes everything to this *sui generis* French stagecraft. "There is something embarrassing about The Grand Guignol," says Gordon in his introduction. "Like a renegade sect or invented religion from another century, it touches upon our secret longings and fears. A product of *fin de siècle* France, The Grand Guignol managed to transgress theatrical conventions and outrage its public as it explored the back-alleys of unfettered desire, aesthetic impropriety, and nascent psychological trends in criminology and the study of abnormal behavior."

We learn that The Guignol originally had its origins in the re-enactment of true life crime episodes, the *faits divers*, and the trend towards greater stage realism in the form of the "crass" play (stories about Paris street thugs and prostitutes). The resulting depiction of violence led to plays of horror freely adapted from the works of Poe, Kipling and Conan Doyle. So shocking were some of these productions that the theatre was forced to keep doctors in their employ in order to treat the many swooning and hysterical members of the audience. Still, gore was far

from the only thing on this theatre's bill of fare. An evening at The Guignol would include one or two bawdy sex farces as well as a realistic drama. The shows were often attended by European nobility and towards the end of WW II, General George S. Patton himself stopped by to see what all the fuss was about. Newspapers played up the story with headlines like "Old Blood and Guts at the Theatre." Excited citizens flocked to The Guignol under the impression that a new play had opened!

Profusely illustrated with old handbills and photo documentation of produced plays, *Grand Guignol* is rich in detail and anecdote. In an effort to make his work as complete a reference as possible, Gordon has reprinted many synopses as well as provided two complete horror plays.

In his conclusion, Gordon answers the question we all might ask in approaching this work: Why study The Grand Guignol? For the author the answer is quite simple: "The connections between what people see and what they do is rooted firmly in individual cultures. Sometimes, barbaric stage activity only produces health-giving chills and laughter. Such was the case of The Grand Guignol."

The Famous Monsters Chronicles

ed Dennis Daniel

Fantaco Enterprises (1991)

by Randy Palmer

It's difficult to write a purely objective review when the subject is something near and dear the reviewer's heart.

Still, I don't think I'll be accused of prejudice when I say that *The Famous Monsters Chronicles* is an excellent tome just because of my own connection with it. Anyone can see that this book is a true labor of love, exhaustively researched and well written, with nary a bone left

unturned in its quest to chronicle the history of horror's first (and most influential) periodical, *Famous Monsters of Filmland* magazine.

Greg Theakston's introductory chapter, "The Warren Report," is a fascinating account of the birth of *FM*, shock-full of little known facts and figures about publisher James Warren and editor Forrest J. Ackerman. From pre-conceptualization to post-realization, Theakston covers it all - and then some!

Gahan Wilson offers a nice preface which touches on the intrinsic value of genre films, but being the least "light-hearted" piece in the book, it seems slightly off-kilter from the rest of *Chronicles'* content.

There's a "typical" FJA and the numerous reminiscences of *FM* readers-turned-professionals provide a kaleidoscopic view of what it was like growing up with *Famous Monsters* and Warren Publishing Company. Editor Dennis Daniel has done a remarkable job amassing contributions from just about "everyone who was anyone" connected with the mag during its twenty-five years of existence, but the real "backbone" of *The Chronicles* is its monstrously massive index.

All one-hundred-and-ninety-one issues of *FM* have been painstakingly autopsied, their innards laid bare for everyone to see . . . right down to identifications of the Mystery Photos!

Cover artists are listed, bylines are cited, even the reprints are noted, making the book an indispensable reference guide for anyone interested in seeking out the choicest issues and proving, as *The Chronicles* subtly states and as FJA might've put it, that "*FM SHALL NOT DIE!*"



The Devil Thumbs A Ride

Barry Gifford

Grove Press (1988)

Some of the most mordant and meaningful film criticism around is currently being churned out in virtual obscurity by poet and novelist Barry Gifford. I say in obscurity because these short reviews of a hundred or so crime and noir films first appeared in *Mystery Scene* magazine and who, aside from a few hard core aficionados of the genre, has ever heard of *Mystery Scene* magazine? Anyway, the publishers describe this slim tome as essential to those of us weaned on the "moody, ominous, violent underbelly of American movie making," and they're right. Gifford not only has a wonderful eye and ear but he can write; his hardboiled maudit style perfectly matches the look and tone of the movies he writes about. Just listen to him, for instance, describe how Joseph H. Lewis makes darkness work for him in *The Big Combo*:

... it takes a visual artist to make the black work, to infect it with just enough light so that anything other than dark seems wrong, uncomfortable, unnatural. Nocturnal contact is different from that of daylight: sex and danger come to the surface much more readily, they inform the frame, the background fills up and comes closer, threatening to overwhelm, to overcome any puny attempt to hold it back. Lewis managed to drain anything unnecessary from this image, to hold it up in dim match light for an instant, then snuff it out.

This one passage tells more about why so many noir films work than any ten books I've read on the subject. What's more, Gifford isn't afraid to go out on a limb. He'll tell you that a certified masterpiece like *Blue Velvet* is the work of a man that may "never make a completely satisfying film," but that the hilariously

inept *Shack Out On 101* is a "dead-on minimalist portrait of America at its most paranoid." None of this really matters, of course. What matters is that Gifford makes you want to see the films you haven't seen and return to the films you've already seen. Can you ask any more of a critic?

Serial Slaughter: What's Behind America's Murder Epidemic

Michael Newton

Loompanics (1992)

His mother was an alcoholic prostitute who would perform with members of either sex totally unconcerned that her little boy was watching. Mom was jailed for robbery soon after her son's fifth birthday. Following her release she began to leave him with relatives for weeks at a time, once trading him to a cocktail waitress for a pitcher of beer. One of the relatives to whom the boy was delivered sent him to elementary school in dresses explaining that it would teach him "how to fight and be a man." At nine, the diminutive child was finally taken from mother and "relatives" and placed in the first of many juvenile facilities where he would be repeatedly raped and tortured throughout his adolescence.

Is it any wonder then, that little Charlie Manson turned out like he did?

But Charlie isn't the only one of his kind. As Ted Bundy succinctly put it: "We serial killers are your sons, we are everywhere. And there will be more of your children dead tomorrow." A lot more. Federal agents estimate that before the dawn of the twenty-first century some forty thousand men, women and children will be butchered for no real reason, an average of eleven victims per day.

There are many kinds of serial or "recreational" killers but they all, without exception, share the plight of little Charlie: Each and every one

of these monsters was "socially assassinated," literally gunned down in their formative years, victims of factors they had no way of controlling. Michael Newton, author of the seminal *Hunting Humans: An Encyclopedia of Modern Serial Killers*, has penned another brilliant and penetrating work, a survival guide for the millennium if you will. And given the aforementioned statistics, one can only look at this tome as a survivalist manual: the U.S. of A with barely a fourth of the world's population produces more than three fourths of all known serial killers. Newton, who has spent more than ten years researching this subject, gets into more than just the how and why of this "epidemic." He crawls into the belly and head of the beast with the laudable goal of "detecting some patterns" and "arriv[ing] at some prescriptions."

Newton offers some interesting solutions but the serial killer simply comes in too many stripes and colors - resisting ready characterization. Many who are caught and "cured" return to their old habits upon release. In fact, the system "fails so frequently," Newton informs us, "at such a cost in human lives, that failure almost seems to be the rule."

Consider a couple of recent cases. Ed Kemper, incarcerated for butchering his grandparents at fifteen, was released over his own heartfelt objections. He went on to murder six college coeds and sexually violate the corpses, finally cutting off his mother's head and turning it into a dartboard. And what about Jeffrey Dahmer who was allowed by the police to remain in his apartment with a bruised and bleeding fourteen year old Laotian even though the naked boy had just been espied by hysterical neighbors fleeing Dahmer on the street. Dahmer assured the cops that it was just a lovers' quarrel even though there were photos of victims in plain sight and a corpse in the bedroom.

How well do you know your neighbor? Better get a gun, it's your only hope.

Raw Talent

Jerry Butler as told to Robert Rimmer and Catherine Tavel
Prometheus Books (1990)

by Greg Goodsell

Paul Siederman, also known as porno star Jerry Butler, entered the show biz world as a working class kid from Brooklyn with a passion for hockey. Blonde and good looking, with an innocent boy-next-door persona, Butler tried his hand at performing in off-Broadway plays. Naive and inexperienced, he fell into roles in quasi-pornographic homosexual productions such as *The Gay Dracula* and *Orpheus Descending*, usually cast as a virginal young stud corrupted by decadent aesthetes. Defiantly heterosexual, Butler wanted to prove his virility while still exploiting his pretty boy looks. His salvation came in porno flicks.

In the countless skin star biographies appearing regularly in glossy stroke standard magazines, the background bio for the male porn performers usually begins: "I was an orphan." This is shorthand to the interviewer for: "Leave my family out of this." Such is not the case with *Raw Talent*. Here, Butler recounts his most painful childhood traumas for the inquisitive reader: his loss of virginity to prostitutes at the age of sixteen, his crushing defeats in hockey, his father's own porno collection, etc. This is all well and good, but readers coming to *Raw Talent* will more than likely skip this section to get to the "good stuff," that is, the dirt Butler has on his fellow studs and sex kittens.

Raw Talent is the kind of book that will have the reader skipping from chapter to chapter. Loosely constructed, it is not unlike a battered skin flick cassette with drop-outs at all the "hot spots." Strangely, Butler is reticent and respectful of his co-stars. Constructed from tape-recorded conversations, one wonders if Butler's

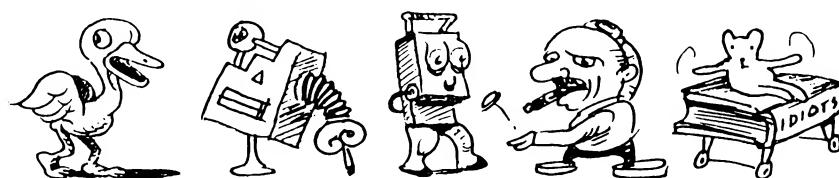
observations were "helped along" by editors Rimmer and Tavel. In traversing this memoir, the reader's opinion of adult film stars is improved somewhat - many are highly professional, sincere individuals who make no pretense about what they do for a living. It becomes painfully obvious however that Butler himself is no rocket scientist.

Those looking for further sleaze and muck in an already questionable profession will be sorely disappointed. When Butler sizes up a fellow performer he doesn't particularly care for, his profile is usually curt and brief, sometimes it is far more charitable than his subject deserves. The nastiest Butler will get is in revealing that New Age dipshit sex star Hyapatia Lee's husband Bud enjoys performing anilingus on the male during their frequent three-way sessions.

Raw Talent was originally released when Butler loudly declared his retirement from the adult film industry. Of course, he returned to pneumatic antics shortly thereafter stating: "Male stars have a longer shelf life than females do, although we don't make that much money." Butler's latest shot-on-video feature is the highly timely *Wee Wee's Big Misadventure*, con-

cerning guess what porno-related real life incident.

Written by authors with toes in the porn industry (Rimmer is a self-proclaimed adult video expert and so the last name is more than appropriate), *Raw Talent* will frustrate and disappoint those looking for yet another shock-fest along the lines of Linda Lovelace's *Ordeal*, to date the only other widely published book with a purported insider's view of the porn industry. *Raw Talent* contains no stories involving forced dog sex, celebrities' aberrant sexual proclivities, beatings or the like. Rimmer, Tavel and Butler know full well upon which side their bread is buttered, making this project all the poorer for it. *Talent's* unrealistically happy denouement, which has Butler finding true romance and fulfillment after a lifetime of cinematic cum shots, is undercut by a revelation that occurred shortly after this revised edition appeared. Reported in all the supermarket tabloids was the news that Butler's live-in love, the girl who played Wednesday in the original TV version of *The Addams Family* had attempted suicide after a botched return to acting which yielded her only two non-sexual roles in adult videos.



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The New Poverty Row

Fred Olen Ray
McFarland (1991)

This book is subtitled *Independent Filmmakers as Distributors*, and Mr. Ray knows whereof he speaks having run his own independent film company, American Independent Productions, since 1985. He has bestowed upon the world such unusual low budgeters as *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* and *Evil Toons*. Like the other later day independents saluted in his book, Ray formed AIP (hmmm, wasn't there an organization in the fifties...) because he was tired of being ripped off by distributors and because he was frustrated over his inability to make the kind of pictures he wanted when toiling for others. Ray is an anomaly in the independent field: he has survived. But before him, several mavericks made a go of it - at least for a few years - and *Poverty Row* is an examination of six men who thumbed their noses at the major studios.

Informative, concise and written in a punchy, no-nonsense style, *Poverty Row* is more entertaining than most of the films Ray writes about. Some of this ground has already been trod before e.g. Roger Corman, Sam Sherman, but for those unfamiliar with their work, these chapters will serve as an excellent introduction. Ray's own bemused reflections on his struggles to establish himself make for some of the most beguiling reading in the book. He's certainly come a long way from *The Brain Leeches*, a

movie made on outdated film stock for \$298 in which the alien invaders were rubber ants purchased at a dime store for nineteen cents. Since then, Ray has had his share of hits and misses but even his worst efforts pale in comparison to Jerry Warren, a man who "had absolutely no regard for the quality of his films or the satisfaction of his audiences." And if you've ever had the displeasure of viewing *Terror of the Blood Hunters* or *Man Beast*, you'll no doubt agree.

Most of the subjects of this study made fairly undistinguished pictures. For every *Spider Baby* or *Night Tide* there were half a dozen *Mermaids of Tiburon*. Ray recognizes this; he doesn't try to make a case for hopelessly muddled and misguided efforts, and in the final analysis, that is what lifts *Poverty Row* above most of the so called "critical" studies in the exploitation field (Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640).

But then, along comes *Borderlands 2*, courtesy of editor Monteleone and Avon and my spirits are brightened and my hopes renewed. By golly, here's an anthology that's really worth its five dollar price tag. Here's proof that there are good short stories being written today. You just gotta know where to dig to unearth 'em. Monteleone obviously does.

Of the twenty-one tales included here, there are zero - count 'em - ZERO literary lemons. Certainly some of the tales don't measure up to others, but every single story in *Borderlands 2* has something to recommend it and at least half say something that you won't forget a half-hour after you put down the book. In one of the creepiest of the lot, *Breeding Ground* by Francis J. Matozzo, a surgeon must come to terms with something inside his own head - an idea, an emotion . . . and something else that's more than a little unsettling. *Down the Valley Wild* by Paul F. Olson (who was one of the founders of the much-missed *Horrorstruck* magazine) is one of those (relatively) quiet tales of unease that Charles L. Grant likes so much, the kind of story that kind of lulls you along until it bites you in the end. And in *The Potato* by Bentley Little there's a slowly crawling horror that impacts on the reader almost as well as it does the story's protagonist.

Editor Monteleone's secret for putting together such a wonderful anthology is his willingness to leave no stone unturned in his search for the "year's best." Most of the *Borderlands* stories have come from authors who've yet to taste the "big time." There are tales by such names as Rex "Slob" Miller, Joe R. Lansdale and (surprise!) Charles L. Grant, but it's pretty obvious that future editors of anthologies of dark fantasy - if they are going to perpetuate the genre and not merely sustain it haphazardly - are going to have to follow Monteleone's example and look to new horizons and new names with fresh ideas dripping from their poison pens.

Borderlands 2

ed. Thomas F. Monteleone
Avon Books (1991)

by Randy Palmer

Every year there are a number of horror fiction anthologies released by publishers big and small and every year I'm disappointed. Because no matter who publishes the damn things - or for that matter, who edits 'em - I still end up reading drek.

Well, here is a qualifier: not every story in every anthology is drek. But many of them are, and I can't figure why. When DAW Books releases their annual *Year's Best Horror Stories*, you'd think there would be three or four clunkers at most. After all, "Year's Best" means cream of the crop, dunnit?

Yet I sit here nonplussed, thinking, *is this really the best?* What a sorry state the tale of terror is in, if this truly represents the BEST.



Between Thought And Expression: Selected Lyrics of Lou Reed

Hyperion (1991)

The late, great Lester Bangs once, in one of his insane encomiums to Reed, wrote that Lou would be remembered, if at all, as "the guy that gave dignity and poetry and rock 'n' roll to smack, speed, homosexuality, etc." Well, maybe, but I was under the impression that it was Rimbaud who did that. Lou was however, one of the first rock and rollers to caress such subjects with cool detachment. This tome though is not about rock and roll, it is about poetry, lyrics Lou feels "can stand alone from the music for which they were originally written."

So the question becomes, can the verse stand alone, is it effective poetry - work of heightened language full of mystery, metaphor and profundity? Well, there is a composition called *Murder Mystery* which on record contained two sets of lyrics such as the following both spoken at the same time:

A

*for screeching and yelling
and various offenses, lower
the queen and bend her over
the tub, against the state, the
country, the committee, hold
her head under the water
please for an hour . . .*

B

*relent and obverse and in-
verse and perverse and
reverse the inverse of per-
verse and reverse and
reverse and reverse and
reverse and reverse*

Having fun yet? Learned anything? Has your life been enriched or ennnobled in any way? Perhaps I'm being unfair let's sample a section from Reed's favorite lyric, *The Bells*:

*When he fell down on his
knees after soaring through
the air with nothing to hold
him there It was really not*

*cute to play without a
parachute*

This is doggerel and it matters not a whit that some of it has been published in *The New York Times* and *The Paris Review* or that some of it, like *The Slide* has even won awards:

*I've got nothing about gay guys
But, faggots, just like a cunt.
Years ago, wherever we would
spot them,
Handles down, Alabama, small
town
We'd take the ha, ha, so ha, I, he'd
Do the slide
Do the slide
Baby, you'd better slide.*

What's missing is the confluence of music and verse which constitutes Reed's genius. Either element extracted from the mix is like a truncated limb preserved in formaldehyde, perhaps interesting as a museum piece but nowhere near as potent. Compelling when experienced *in vivo*, it's ironic that a rock and roller who has such resentment for the encyclopediac approach to the idiom is so willing to aid in his own mummification.

Wiretap: Listening In On America's Mafia

*ed James Goode
Fireside Books (1988)*

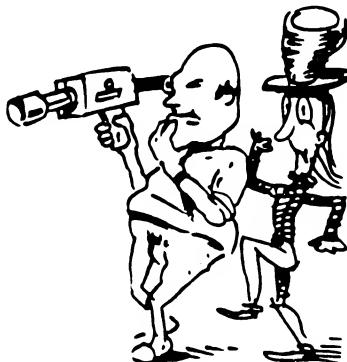
How do these garbage-eating guineas stay in business? If these FBI taped conversations are to be believed, it's a wonder these guys can run a lemonade stand much less a criminal empire. Because what we are shown is that our almost legendary Cosa Nostra is little more than a motley collection of vicious, semi-literate, pug-ugly thugs. Cretins who whack off brother, father, long-time family friends and then go out for "scungil."

And we're not talking about lower-level minions like Benny Eggs or Baldy Dom. We're talking big shots,

wise guys, made men like John "The Dapper Don" Gotti, Fat Tony Salerno and Tony "Ducks" Corallo. *Wiretap* profiles twenty-five major players from the five New York Mafia families - the Commission which controls organized crime in the U.S. - and the families from Boston, Philadelphia and Providence, each conversation prefaced with introductions identifying setting and characters.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about *Wiretap* is the remarkable amount of hubris displayed by its players. Paul Castellano never suspected his Doberman patrolled, elaborately fenced and electronically rigged estate was bugged when he bragged to a compardre that: "No one comes into Staten Island unless I say so." The two most powerful men in crime, Tonys Salerno and Ducks, cut up in their social club, blithely unaware that the club's phone, walls and front doorway were bugged, an incredible feat considering the constant traffic in an extremely hostile neighborhood. Don't they get it? The FBI has more muscle and intelligence working for them.

So what it all boils down to is this: Don't do business with the Mob because eventually you'll do something to piss them off and then they'll blow your head off and even if you somehow manage to stay on the good side of these deranged dagos the FBI will bug your car or your toilet and get the goods on you. In which case the Mob will have to whack you inasmuch as you have inside info and most likely will squeal to keep yourself from getting turned inside out in the slammer. Capice? Good.



**Trouser Press Record
Guide (Fourth Edition)**
ed Ira Robbins
Collier Books (1991)

I know you think you're pretty cool and with it but if you're like me and have a day job you've probably thrown up your hands in despair by now after trying unsuccessfully for the last couple of years to keep up with the alternative music scene. Sure you subscribe to hip music magazines like *B-Time*, and *Option* and *Maximum Rock and Roll*, et al., yet inasmuch as the reviews in these zines always end up either describing a band you've never heard of as an insidious combination of three or four other bands you've never heard of or in slang that is little more than code known only to the reviewer and his tiny coterie of friends, these assessments really are not much help. Occasionally, these hip publications will rave in such a mad dog style about a band that you'll go out and buy the platter anyway even though the writer has left you completely baffled as to

what The Hungry Muffdivers sound like. Oh c'mon, admit it, you've been suckered like this. You're no different from anybody else you're so hungry to hear something new, something different, something wonderfully wild and abandoned that you've bought something on the basis of having read something like this: "An hysterically solipsistic discombobulation by pixilated sesquipedalians." So you go to Tower, or H.R. Puffenstuff or wherever the hell it is you shop for music and you end up with . . . Nirvana.

So where else can you go? To TV? Oh, to MTV and its *Cutting Edge 120 Minutes*? Don't make me laugh. All those bands have already been signed to major label deals and even if they hadn't, who wants to listen to a group that wastes its time making pretty movies employing fog machines, empty warehouses and dancers of dubious gender? No, the place to go is *The Trouser Press Record Guide* with its 1600 entries covering 2,500 artists and over 9,500 records. Yes there are performers like Madonna and

Frankie Goes to Hollywood who clearly do not belong here but you've made up your mind about frauds like these a long time ago and besides you're going to buy this tome to discover bands like Sleep Chamber (. . . ritualistic industrial music that works on both a shock imagery level and on a more intellectual erotic/occult plateau) and Ritual Tension (. . . a band that was somewhat overlooked in the rush to gush over such New York noise scene contemporaries as Sonic Youth, Live Skull and Swans) and to learn which rap albums belong in your audio library (let's not be hidebound in our definitions of music there are some wonderful rap and hip-hop things out there). Whether you agree with *Trouser Press'* critical assessments is beside the point. For Ira Robbins and his staff's primary concern is in accurately describing the sounds and textures of this music in plain, unadorned language (no rock speak for these guys and gals). Thus any conclusions as to the worth of a particular record or a band's recorded oeuvre is really beside the point. So don't get angry or upset if one of your musical favorites is cavalierly dismissed, this is a consumer guide bonehead not a critical treatise and don't complain about being hoodwinked after purchasing a platter on the basis of a TP recommendation. If an LP is said to be filled with "speedy rave-ups bursting with frenetic drumming and sing-songy choruses" and you run out and buy it and end up hating it, blame yourself for being an illiterate.

There are some notable omissions - Frank Zappa, Marc Bolan, and if Hawkwind's in here why not Black Sabbath, they've influenced a whole spate of young noisemakers - but you really can't find fault with an alternative music guide with entries and career bios on hundreds of obscurities like The Pagans, The Electric Eels, ESG and Snivelling Shits. Well, maybe you can but then you probably subscribe to *Rolling Stone* and think *Spin* magazine is cutting edge reading material.

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The Drug User: Documents

1840-1960

eds John Strausbaugh and
Donald Blaise
Blastbooks (1991)

by Glenn Sheldon

I can guess what you're thinking: Either this book is a propaganda tool for the War On Drugs, or this is a how-to manual for ingesting peyote and regressing to the sixties when the sky looked tie-dyed and brownies held all the ingredients that Alice B. Toklas prescribed.

I was strolling the straight and narrow path when I stumbled across this book. Through my clean and sober haze, I glanced at the book's list of contributors and my mind was blown, man! Two of my personal gods were included here; indeed, two individuals who haunt the first half of this century with their drug-inspired genius. The first of these, Jean Cocteau, displayed his brilliance during both periods of addiction and recovery. My second demigod, Antonin Artaud, realized that for him recovery was impossible but manifest his genius throughout the course of his inevitable decline. Oh yes, for those of you who'd prefer to avoid these unsavory characters because of their heavy duty aesthetic theorizing, there is also fine work by William S. Burroughs (couldn't you have guessed?), Anais Nin, Mark Twain and Sigmund Freud.

Burrough's foreword is a wickedly funny and satiric poke at the political morality of the U.S.'s War On Drugs; a classic, not-to-be-missed work, a delicious appetizer for your head. Next, I turned to the work by Cocteau. Wouldn't you do the same? Well if not, you must already be high! Anyway, Cocteau's chapter is an excerpt from one of the most powerful works in literature - *Opium: Diary Of A Cure*. Out of his personal hell, Cocteau keeps ascending with gems of such profundity that we end up believing him to be bewitched. In our best moments, most of us sound like Hallmark cards compared with exhalations such as:

It seems to me that on an earth so old, so wrinkled, so painted where so many compromises and laughable conventions are so rife, opium (if its harmful effects could be eliminated) would soften people's manners and would cause more good than the fever of activity causes harm.

In almost every respect, *The Drug User* is a unique collection of essays on enlightenment, chemical or otherwise, and discussions on opium, hashish, peyote, mescaline, LSD and marijuana. The sacred trip of the peyote as transcribed by John (Fire) Lame Deer is included and an invaluable piece by Dr. Albert Hoffman who in 1943 accidentally took the first LSD trip while experimenting with lysergic acid derivatives in his search for a respiratory stimulant. Surprisingly, Mark Twain expounds upon the uses of the coca plant. Less surprisingly, Artaud discusses society's need for a population whose consciousness can - if not must - be altered for art's sake because everything is . . . shit!:

You won't be able to stop souls from being predestined for poison, whatever kind it might be: poison of isolation, poison of reading, poison of onanism, poison of repeated coitus, poison of the rooted weakness of the soul, poison of alcohol, poison of tobacco, of anti-sociability.

That Antonin, what a party animal! Yet his Theatre of Cruelty seemingly pervades all of today's art, with MTV just one exemplar of his concept of art as spectacle.

In these times, it seems apparent that the fear of "otherness" pervades American culture and inspires hatred, violence, racism and classism. If this book has one message, it must be that the "other" dwells in each of us and that mind-expanding (and mind-altering) drugs in releasing this "other" may result in a better understanding of ourselves. In

other words, the beast you lash out at is a part of you too.

Yet rather than promoting thoughtful intercourse about drugs and their possible uses in culture, society cowers beneath the mask of cautious morality with its attendant "Just Say No" campaigns. If, as Jean Cocteau says, the euphoria opium induces is superior to that of health, shouldn't medicine and science abandon their development of curative technology to focus on rendering the drug potent yet benign? Case in point: It's a very American morality that removes the B-vitamins (the protein complex) from beers, so that alcoholics - particularly homeless ones - can more successfully suffer from malnutrition (Yes, real beer can and should be nutritious).

Defy the perverse cliches of our culture; just say YES to this book and start to think about what drugs could mean to and for society. And let's hold out hope that *The Drug User* will provoke as much thought as the individual documents collected therein once did.

Conjure Wife

Fritz Leiber

Ace Books (1981)

What would you do if you suddenly discovered that your wife believed that you owed your success and well being to her abilities as a witch: to charms she had made, spells she had cast, potions she had mixed. Even more importantly, she maintained that you would have been long dead by now, murdered by one of the many other witches who envy your marriage and begrudge you your happiness. Well, if you're Norman Saylor (clever name for one about to take a fantastic journey into the unknown), tenured professor of sociology at a prestigious northeastern university, you have a long talk with your wife, Tansy (from the Greek for immortality because the flowers of the plant do not speedily wither), the underlying implication of

which is that divorce or institutionalization is imminent unless every last gewgaw, withered parchment and voodoo doll is thrown into the fireplace.

Tansy acquiesces but late that night as the last eye of newt and wing of bat smolders on the fire, a chill suddenly shoots through Norman, the room darkens, there is a "faint, mighty roaring in his ears" and suddenly he has the sense of standing "naked before something menacingly alien."

At that point, you'd most likely wake Tansy, tell her you'd been a misguided fool, humbly beg her forgiveness and even more abjectly beg her to start making with the hands and mumbling those strange incantations while throwing graveyard dirt on you. Norman, however, is a rational man, a brilliant professor and so he refuses to let his emotions or intuitions run away with him.

Norman stands fast, even after getting a phone call a little later from a student who threatens to kill him and another call after that from a strange woman who begs Norman to ravage her body and then abruptly begins screaming curses and imprecations.

No, to Norman this is all coincidence and so despite the fact that gargoyles start to move up and down the wall on the building opposite his office, that he is plagued by visions of mad truck drivers trying to run him down, and that his academic career begins to fall apart for no apparent reason, he refuses to believe dark forces are at work. When he finally comes to his senses, it is too late, for both Tansy and for himself.

Conjure Wife, which was first published in 1953, is a suspenseful and well written story peopled with amusing stock figures. Leiber skillfully interweaves the hoary themes of conflict between reality and the imagination, sanity and insanity and logic and irrationality while raising disturbing questions about what it means to be fully "human" and whether comfort and security in relationships is possible given the fact that we can never truly know or fully understand someone other than ourselves. This is the true stuff of nightmares and possibly the reason that for most fantasy fiction aficionados, *Conjure Wife* remains the most beguiling novel ever written on the subject of witchcraft.

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Brutarian Contributors

JARRETT HUDDLESTON: This impoverished artist is believed by those behind the scenes to be the master puppeteer maliciously pulling the strings of . . . dom salemi in an insidious attempt to degrade and destroy him. Eaten up by the green-eyed monster, Jealousy.

SANDRA SMIROLDO: Beloved of . . . dom salemi but believed by those same people behind the scenes to wear the pants in her unholy union with the man whose name must forever appear in lower case.

STEVE JEFFRIES: Professes to be a friend of . . . dom salemi's but doesn't really give a fuck about anyone else's problems. Earnestly desires all who recognize his genius to write to him and tell him so.

CONRAD WIDENER: Mr. Widener wears the pants in all his relationships and consequently has little sympathy for . . . dom salemi. If Conrad was paid just a few pennies every time his work appeared in an underground publication he'd be a rich man by now.

CRAIG LEDBETTER: The nicest man in the world and as such would deserve your money, but if you don't want to make him feel guilty, send along with your cash a request for a subscription to one of his twin peaks of depravity, *Asian or European Trash Cinema*. Reportedly sent a pair of pants to . . . dom salemi with instructions on how to put them on.

SALLY ECKHOFF: Once kissed . . . dom salemi, but when she discovered that he wasn't wearing any pants that's as far as it went. When she's not writing highly professional pieces for *The Village Voice* she drops a few scraps Brut's way.

STATELY WAYNE MANOR: "The Literature Boy" who, in addition to being the Next Big Thing among wrestling managers, has been hailed as the Most Conceited Man In The World by supermarket tabloids on three occasions. A fine role model for . . . dom salemi.

RICK CAZADORES: Edits the quarterly zine REVERBERATION. He recently interviewed K. Gordon Spector, the originator of the Mexican "girl group" sound. Purported to publish a fine fanzine under another name which briefly featured the work of . . . dom salemi.

DOUG ALLEN: Has pissed away what little money he's made on *Steven* as the result of a disastrous doll project (no, not girls, dolls - as in toys). Rumor has it that Doug is living in a refrigerator box in upstate New York with a character that looks suspiciously unlike . . . dom salemi.

SCOTT CUNNINGHAM: Co-founder and editor of the politically correct but nevertheless entertaining *World War 3* comic magazine has just taken on the position of house surrealist for *Heavy Metal*, a magazine subscribed to by . . . dom salemi.

VIC STANLEY: Has been cited by no less an authority than Joe Bob Briggs as "a writer just beginning to realize what he can do." Which means, of course, that Brut will eventually be unable to pay him the dollar per word he'll be demanding from the perpetually exhausted bank account of . . . dom salemi.

RANDY PALMER: Former associate editor for the long defunct *Famous Monsters* for which he still mourns. Wake up and smell the coffee, Randy; Forry Ackerman is about one hundred and twenty-seven years old and it's all he can do just to get up in the morning. He's through with the publishing business Randy, through, finis, RIP, vaya con Dios, hasta la vista . . . unlike your current meal ticket . . . dom salemi.

CLAIRE RICHARDS: Angry young poetess who got even angrier when she didn't receive the promised copies of an earlier Brut issue which featured her work. Just more fuel for that raging fire that's burning in your shapely little belly, eh Claire? A fire which could never be extinguished by the likes of . . . dom salemi.

FLICK FORD: Seems to have a little problem keeping jobs drawing strips for pornographic magazines. Which is surprising considering he limns the best trim in the business, often personified by "Lusty Tailspin," a character inspired by the pulchritudinous CID D. SCANTLEBURY, a sometime collaborator in Flick's comic oeuvre. Cid would never ever entertain the thought of even the briefest of trysts with . . . dom salemi.

GREG GOODSELL: Is preparing an interview with The Cramps which will appear in a future issue, and unlike other publications we will refrain from mentioning, the interview will be credited to Greg. Look for his work in the new *Deep Red* magazine and *The Famous Monster Chronicles* both of which will go largely unread by . . . dom salemi.

JERRY JASINSKI: Was born and raised in Detroit. Big fucking deal. His primary concern seems to be the discovery of the most efficacious means of extracting the price of a twelve-pack from . . . dom salemi.

P. REEVES: Is, as evidenced by his work, a borderline schizophrenic, a condition which renders him thoroughly unconcerned with the ongoing plight of . . . dom salemi.

TOM CORLETTE: Perpetrator of the *Brutarian* centerfold (not the idiotic background which engulfs it) is a friend of an acquaintance of . . . dom salemi.

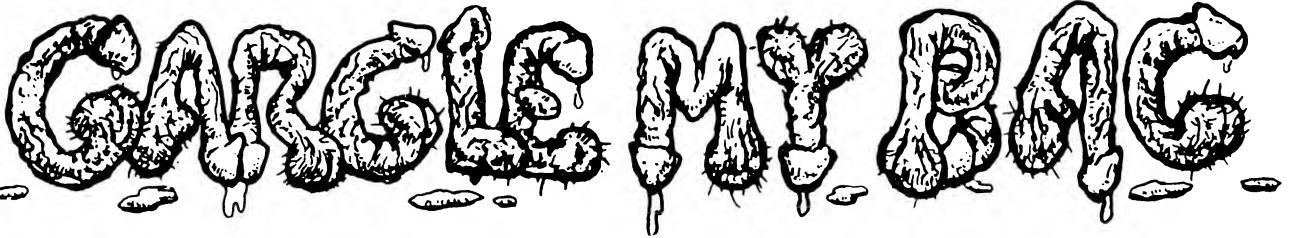
MIKE SCHAFER: A manic dissembler and creator of claustrophobic graphic gems who is curator of an upcoming small press show at Minor Injury Gallery, Brooklyn, an invitation to which will not be extended to . . . dom salemi. Mr. Schafer will be most upset to receive a \$60 invoice for the half page ad we ran for him - minus the \$7.50 payment we owe him for his half page comic.

DEMAND FOR MORE FREE STUFF

What? You think we'd PAY for the execrable drek we review in this MAJESTIC tome? THINK AGAIN! We expect to see our PO box stuffed with videos, tapes, CDs, demos, books, zines and soiled panties - and we mean PRONTO. Christ, the fucking Estonians are reading this shit! What are you? A bunch of burnt-out wackos from the joint? Don't you get it? We're already

AT THE TOP!

dom salemi: Is a modest, unassuming little man who would be shocked to learn that he bears more than a passing resemblance to . . . dom salemi.



Betty Page



Terrific double issue of *Exploitation Retrospect* primarily devoted to the Kennedy assassination and concomitant issues. Ridiculously cheap at one dollar per. Don't write a check, send cash or money orders to Dan Taylor, Box 1155, Haddonfield, NJ 08033-0708 . . . *Eric Caidin* of Hollywood Book and Poster and the legendary *Johnny Legend* are singlehandedly trying to bring back grind house viewing in LA with special double and triple features devoted to the likes of H.G. Lewis and Doris Wishman . . . Evangelist *Robert Tilton* is rapidly becoming a cult figure due to his insidiously insincere monetary solicitations and his blatantly phony glossolalia act. This guy is such a fraud he makes Ernest Angley look like Sister Theresa by comparison. To keep abreast of happenings of this show business giant, it is suggested that you tithe one greenback for a sample copy of the always amusing unofficial *Tilton Fan Club Newsletter*. Administered by *Brother Randall*, 6102 B. Mockingbird, #374, Dallas, TX 75214 . . . Normally, self-styled punk music zines drive me to distraction, but *Foster Child* has a self-deprecating style and some street smarts which give their reviews the smack of authenticity. And it will only cost you one dollar to learn about promising bands, books, underground mags and trash film if you act immediately and write to 7635 March Court, Glen Burnie, MD 21060 . . . *Craig Ledbetter* has decided to take on the world of Asian exploitation film and toward that end has just published the first issue of *ATC (Asian Trash Cinema)*. Nicely laid out and adroitly written, it is essential reading for anyone with even a passing interest in Oriental sleaze and bad film. For a single copy send \$4.50 (believe me it's well worth it) to PO Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325 . . . Hard on the heels of its lubricous, full color, 36 card, eleven dollar and ninety-five cent Betty Page set comes *Shel-Tone's Bloody Visions*, a 48 card, black and blood red Mass Murderer collection. Sanguinarily written and disquietingly drawn by noted author (*Forgotten Horrors*, *Carnival of Souls* graphic novel) and film critic Mark H. Price, the set is a must for those wishing to wean their young-uns from baseball cards (and all childish pursuits for that matter). That's Shel-Tone that's asking \$11.95 at PO Box 45, Irvington, NJ 07111) . . . Fuck, *National Lampoon*. The funniest rag in America is the *Rev. Ivan Stang's Stark Fist of Removal*. The Rev. is the founder of the Church of the SubGenius and *Fist* is the Church's house organ. Published "para-annually," the Rev. and his followers produce for your edification and amusement over one hundred pages of rabid rants, deranged discourses, salacious short stories, crazed comics and invidious illustrations. There is absolutely NOTHING LIKE THIS ON THE PLANET and for that reason alone you should get *Fisted*. The Church thinks we here at *Brut* have a bad attitude, wait 'til you get a load of theirs. If you want to change your life, rush \$3.95 to: SubGenius Foundation Inc., PO Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214.

Fan Mail

JERRY JASINSKI
KING OF MEN



Brutarian,

Thanx a lot for the mag. It was a surprise to get it and I enjoyed reading it, especially the movie and book reviews and "Steven." But unfortunately I can't subscribe, I don't have money for it. We still have Russian rubles here and therefore my monthly income is [little] more than \$2. So \$15 is a fortune for me [that] I do not possess yet.

Evelin Mikenberg
Tartu, Estonia

Evelin,

you've touched our heart. We've made you a lifetime subscriber and are sending you two American dollars. Take the whole town of Tartu out for dinner, it's on us.

Mr. Big
Brutarian Magazine



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BLAME SOME-
ONE ELSE!

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TURN OUT NEW ONES!



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Disenfranchised?
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